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1825

Wes. 1816

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REV.^d CHARLES WESLEY, A.M.

Aged 76.

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HYMNS

FOR THE USE OF

FAMILIES,

AND

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

BY THE

REV. CHARLES WESLEY, M. A.

Late Student of Christ Church.

SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED AND SOLD BY J. KERSHAW,
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HYMNS FOR A FAMILY.

HYMN 1.

S. M. D.

For the Master.—1 Chron. xvi. 45.

1 **T**HE power to bless my house
 Belongs to God alone;
Yet rendering him my constant vows,
 I bring his blessing down :
 When two or three are met
 In Jesu's name to pray,
He doth our cancel'd sins forget,
 And turns his wrath away.

2 Shall I not then engage
 My house to serve the Lord,
To search the soul-converting page,
 And feed upon his word;
 To ask, with faith and hope,
 The grace his Spirit supplies ;
In prayer and praise to offer up
 Their daily sacrifice?

3 Merciful God, on me
 The res'lute mind bestow,
 On all my favour'd family,
 In David's steps to go :
 Let each his sin eschew,
 Through thy restraining grace ;
 Our father Abraham's steps pursue,
 And walk in all thy ways.

4 Saviour of men, incline
 The hearts which Thou hast made,
 Which Thou hast bought with blood Divine,
 To ask thy promis'd aid :
 Me and my house receive,
 Thy family to increase,
 And let us in thy favour live,
 And let us die in peace.

HYMN 2.

2-8s & 2-3s.

For the Family.

1 YOUNG, and old, and men, and maidens,
 Let us sing
 Christ our King,
 Who his mourners gladdens ;
 Joyful now in expectation
 We, ev'n we,
 Soon shall see
 Jesus our Salvation.

2 Truth himself the word hath spoken :
 In his word,
 Christ the Lord
 Gives us now a token ;
 Bids us steadfastly believe him,
 Till in love,
 From above,
 All who ask receive him.

- 3 We through sin no longer drooping,
 Lift our eyes
 To the skies,
 For the promise hoping :
Jesus comes with all his merit ;
 Comes to me,
 One in Three,
 Father, Son, and Spirit.
- 4 Conscious of his pard'ning power,
 We his name
 Shall proclaim,
 Teach the world to' adore ;
Tell what God hath done to bless us,
 Us and all
 Them that call
 On our loving Jesus.
- 5 We who have in Christ found favour,
 Christ confess,
 Publish peace,
 Through the common Saviour :
Yes, the Father justifieth
 Every one,
 On his Son
 Who like us relieth.
- 6 He who cancel'd our offences,
 Man and God,
 By his blood
 All believers cleanses :
While the Spirit of consolation,
 Witness bears
 In the heirs
 Chosen to salvation.

HYMN 3.

3-5s & 1-11.

- 1 O FATHER of all,
 Attend to our call,
 Who in Jesus's name
 The promise of peace and of purity claim;
 Who long to believe,
 And with rapture receive,
 Through faith in his blood,
 The unspeakable gift of an indwelling God.
- 2 For the sake of thy Son,
 Thy family own,
 While we jointly agree,
 In the name of our Lord to petition for Thee:
 Thee alone we require,
 Thee in Jesus desire,
 In the spirit of love,
 As our joy upon earth, and our portion above.
- 3 Come, Father and Son,
 With the Comforter down,
 In the fulness of peace,
 The extatical earnest of heavenly bliss:
 One ineffable Three,
 To my household and me,
 The whole Godhead impart,
 And eternally dwell in the sanctified heart.

HYMN 4.

2-5s & 1-12.

- 1 O SAVIOUR of all,
 Attend to our call,
 And awaken our souls, and redeem from their fall:
 Our apostasy known
 In part we bemoan,
 And for pardon, oppress'd, and for liberty groan.

2 Love mov'd thee to die;
And on this we rely,
Thou art able, O God, thy own blood to apply;
Thou canst; if thou wilt:
And it surely was spilt. [guilt.
To redeem us from sin, both the power and the

3 Ever able to cleanse,
And remove it from hence,
Our original guilt, with our actual offence;
Ever willing Thou art,
Thy peace to impart,
And make thy abode in a penitent heart.

4 Come then from above,
In the Spirit of love,
And the mountain of sin by thy coming remove:
Thee present below,
By faith when we know,
The mountain of sin in a moment shall flow!

5 We wait the glad hour,
Convinc'd of thy power
To forgive us our sins, and our souls to restore:
We have faith to be heal'd;
And when thou art reveal'd,
Our salvation is sure, and our pardon is seal'd.

HYMN 5.

7s & 6s.

1 HAVE not we redemption found
And righteousness through grace?
Let our houses then resound
With our Redeemer's praise;
Let our souls to Him aspire,
Who died that we might live forgiven,
Emulate the' angelic quire,
And taste the joys of heaven.

2 Jesu's praises we proclaim,
 And daily pay our vows :
 Consecrated through his name,
 A church is in our house :
 Melody to Christ our King,
 We make with joyful hearts sincere :
 Angels listen while we sing,
 And God vouchsafes to hear.

3 God doth to our King attend,
 Who shouts amidst his own ;
 Praises now through Christ ascend
 To that eternal throne :
 When we there triumphant stand,
 And all our elder brethren meet,
 Hymning with that harping band,
 The concert is complete.

HYMN 6.

6 lines 7s.

For the Evening.

1 GIVER of the nightly songs,
 Fain we would thy glory raise,
 Pay thee what to thee belongs,
 All our life and all our praise :
 But till Thou thy blood apply,
 Thee we cannot glorify.

2 Thou hast bought us with thy blood,
 Yet we still in Egypt dwell,
 Strangers to a dying God,
 Till thou dost thyself reveal :
 Hear us for redemption groan,
 Claim the prisoners for thine own.

- 3 Mightier than the mighty, seize
Whom Thou hast redeem'd of old,
Us the slaves of man release,
Us to sin and Satan sold ;
Bid thy ransom'd creatures rise,
Bear away the lawful prize.
- 4 Set our hearts at liberty,
Through the power of pard'ning grace ;
Then we shall give thanks to Thee,
Publish our Redeemer's praise ;
Chant the Lamb like those above,
Only live to sing and love.

HYMN 7.

8s, 7s, & 6s.

- 1 COME, Son of Abraham and of God,
Saviour on the world bestow'd,
To ransom and to bless ;
And let our souls, possess'd of Thee,
The true complete felicity,
The sovereign Good possess.
- 2 Thy faithful word and oath we plead :
Show Thyself the Promised Seed,
The all-redeeming Lord ;
And let us in thy favour find,
And in thy purity of mind,
Our paradise restor'd.
- 3 In this thrice acceptable hour,
Exercise thy pard'ning power,
Our curse and sin remove ;
Admit us to the Gospel-feast,
And give our new-born souls to taste
The blessedness of love.

- 4 In peace incomprehensible
 Pardon on our conscience seal,
 In joy and love unknown :
 O'erwhelm us with the blissful sight,
 Which sinks the first-born sons of light
 In silence round thy throne.

HYMN 8.

4-6s & 2-8s.

For Sunday.

- 1 THE Lord is ris'n indeed,
 And bids his members rise !
 Ye saints, by Jesus freed,
 Pursue Him to the skies :
 This is the day the Lord hath made ;
 Rejoice, and be for ever glad.
- 2 On this triumphant day,
 Péculiarly his own,
 He calls his church to pray,
 And sing around his throne :
 This is the day the Lord hath made ;
 Rejoice and be for ever glad.
- 3 Jesus, to us impart
 Thy resurrection's power,
 And teach our quicken'd heart
 Its living Lord to' adore ;
 To vie with the redeem'd above,
 Rejoicing in thy pard'ning love.
- 4 Us by thy peace assure,
 Thou dost our sins forgive ;
 And then our spirits pure,
 Unto Thyself receive ;
 To keep the day of rest above,
 Rejoicing in thy heavenly love.

HYMN 9.

8s & 7s.

- 1 GIVER of unfeign'd repentance,
Unto us thy blessing give ;
That we may the mortal sentence,
In our guilty selves receive :
Sensible of our demerit,
May from every sin depart,
Offering up a troubled spirit,
Rend'ring Thee a broken heart.
- 2 From the evils which surround us,
That we may this moment fly ;
By a stroke of mercy wound us,
By thy kind upbraiding eye :
Out of thine obdurate creature,
Thou the stony heart remove ;
Cast the look that vanquish'd Peter,
Melt us down by dying love.
- 3 Let thy dying love constrain us,
Our ingratitude to mourn ;
Let thine unknown anguish pain us,
Till the wanderers return :
Fill our souls with sacred trouble,
Give us bitterly to weep ;
All our burthens, Lord, redouble,
Sink us in the lowest deep.
- 4 From the pit of condemnation,
When to Thee for help we cry,
Visit us with thy salvation,
Show the open fountain nigh ;
Show Thyself our bleeding Jesus,
All our sufferings to remove ;
With thy pard'ning mercy bless us,
Bless us with thy perfect love.

HYMN 10.

8 lines 7s.

- 1 HAPPY soul whom Jesus loves,
 Freely loves and justifies!
Jesus all his griefs removes,
 Jesus all his wants supplies:
With celestial manna feeds,
 (Manna to the world unknown,)
By the silent waters leads
 Up to an eternal throne.
- 2 Saviour, speak the blessing ours;
 (Peace thy gracious word imparts;)
Bid us taste the heavenly powers,
 Stamp the pardon on our hearts:
Wait our longing hearts on Thee,
 Till thou shed thy love abroad,
Give the glorious liberty,
 Wash us in thy hallowing blood.
- 3 Well Thou know'st we cannot rest,
 Unrenew'd and unforgiven;
Troubled is the faithless breast,
 Unassur'd of peace with Heaven:
Sick through hope so long delay'd,
 Still we for redemption groan,
Of an angry God afraid,
 Flying from a God unknown.
- 4 Sent thy Father to proclaim,
 Wilt Thou not the veil withdraw;
Turn, by telling us his name,
 Servile fear to filial awe?
Now the evangelic grace
 Let us with Thyself receive,
See in thine the Father's face,
 Bless'd in God for ever live.

HYMN 11.

8 lines 7s.

- 1 MEET and right it is to praise
God, the Giver of all grace,
God, whose mercies are bestow'd
On the evil and the good :
He prevents the creature's call,
Kind and merciful to all ;
Makes his sun on sinners rise ;
Showers his blessings from the skies.
- 2 Least of all thy mercies, we
Daily thy salvation see ;
As by heavenly manna fed,
Through a world of dangers led ;
Through a wilderness of cares,
Through a thousand, thousand snares,
More than now our hearts conceive ;
More than we can know, and live !
- 3 By our bosom-foe beset,
Taken in the fowler's net,
Passion's unresisting prey,
Oft within the toils we lay :
Sleeping on the brink of sin,
Tophet gap'd to take us in ;
Mercy to our rescue flew,
Broke the snare, and brought us through.
- 4 Here, as in the lions' den,
Undevour'd we still remain ;
Pass secure the watery flood,
Hanging on the arm of God :
Here we lift our voices higher,
Shout in the Refiner's fire ;

Clap our hands amidst the flame,
Glory give to Jesu's Name.

- 5 Jesu's Name, in Satan's hour,
Stands our adamantine tower :
Jesus doth his own defend,
Love and save us to the end :
Love shall make us persevere
Till our conquering Lord appear ;
Bear us to our thrones above,
Crown us with his heavenly love.

HYMN 12.

6 lines 8s.

- 1 How good and pleasant 'tis to see,
When brethren cordially agree,
And kindly think and speak the same ;
A family of faith and love,
Combin'd to seek the things above,
And spread the common Saviour's fame !
- 2 The God of grace, who all invites,
Who in our unity delights,
Vouchsafes our intercourse to bless ;
Revives us with refreshing showers,
The fulness of his blessings pours,
And keeps our minds in perfect peace.
- 3 Jesus, thou precious Corner-stone,
Preserve inseparably one,
Whom thou dost by thy Spirit join :
Still let us in thy Spirit live,
And to thy church the pattern give
Of unanimity divine.
- 4 Still let us to each other cleave,
And from thy plenitude receive

Constant supplies of hallowing grace ;
Till to a perfect man we rise,
O'ertake our kindred in the skies,
And find prepar'd our heavenly place.

HYMN 13.

6 lines 8s.

- 1 FATHER of omnipresent grace !
We *seem* agreed to seek thy face ;
But every soul assembled here
Doth naked in thy sight appear ;
Thou know'st who *only* bows the knee,
And who in heart approaches Thee.
- 2 Thy Spirit hath the difference made,
Betwixt the living and the dead ;
He now doth into some inspire
The pure, benevolent desire :
O that ev'n now his powerful call
Might quicken and convert us all !
- 3 The sinners suddenly convince,
O'erwhelm'd beneath their load of sins :
To-day, while it is call'd to-day,
Awake, and stir them up to pray,
Their dire captivity to own,
And from the iron furnace groan.
- 4 Then, then acknowledge, and set free,
The people bought, O Lord, by Thee ;
The sheep for whom their Shepherd bled,
For whom we in thy Spirit plead ;
Let all in Thee redemption find,
And not an hoof be left behind.

HYMN 14.

6 lines 8s.

- 1 JESUS, display thy presence here,
Celestial Architect Divine ;
To raise our fallen souls, appear,
To consecrate thy human shrine ;
A temple for the Deity,
A mansion not unworthy Thee.
- 2 Thy hands must the foundation lay,
Thy hands the fabric must complete ;
O come, and take our sins away,
Forgive us, trembling at thy feet ;
Assure our hearts of sin forgiven,
And build thy temples up to heaven.
- 3 Who seek redemption in thy blood,
O let us there our pardon find,
With all the character of God,
With all thy meek and lowly mind,
(To fit us for our place above,)
With all thy purity of love.
- 4 Accomplish thy redeeming plan,
By thine almighty Spirit's power ;
Conduct us to a perfect man,
And at our last triumphant hour,
Remove into thy blissful sight,
And fill our souls with glorious light.

HYMN 15.

8 lines 7s.

- 1 JESUS, full of pity see,
Souls so dearly bought by Thee ;
Souls so dearly bought in vain,
If we still in sin remain :

If we unconverted die,
Though thou didst our pardon buy,
Wasted is the blood it cost,
Every precious drop is lost.

2 Wilt Thou not our guilt remove,
Show us thy redeeming love;
Of thy pard'ning grace assure,
Make our sprinkled conscience pure?
Yes, thy cross hath promis'd all;
Thou shalt raise us from our fall;
Every purchas'd good impart,
Purify and fill our heart.

3 In our desolate estate
We for full redemption wait;
Wait the leisure our Lord,
Sure to be at last restor'd:
We for whom our God hath died,
We shall feel thy blood applied;
Perfect peace in Jesus given,
Finish'd holiness, and heaven.

HYMN 16.

6s & 8s.

1 SPIRIT of love, return,
To every troubled breast;
And comfort us who mourn,
For permanence of rest:
Thou dost thy mourners' steps attend,
Our undiscovered Guide;
But come, our grief and sin to end,
And in our hearts abide.

- 2 *With* us residing here,
 We know Thee now in part;
 The Author of our fear,
 And all our hope Thou art:
 Thou often visitest thine own;
 But in an hour, or day,
 Our transitory Guest is gone,
 Our joy is fled away.
- 3 How short, alas, our taste
 Of those celestial powers,
 When, a few moments blest,
 We know that Christ is ours;
 That Christ hath quench'd the wrath of God,
 His Father's grace reveal'd,
 And bought our pardon with his blood,
 And on our conscience seal'd.
- 4 O might we always know,
 The Father reconcil'd:
 Set up thy throne below
 In each adopted child;
 Restore the kingdom of thy grace,
 And fill us from above
 With purest joy, and perfect peace,
 And everlasting love.

HYMN 17.

C. M. D.

For the Evening.

- 1 FATHER, by saints on earth ador'd,
 By saints beyond the skies,
 Accept through Jesus Christ our Lord,
 Our evening sacrifice:
 If kept to-day from wilful sin,
 We magnify thy grace;
 Thou hast our kind Preserver been,
 And thine be all the praise.

- 2 We found the presence of our God,
The power of Jesu's name,
While passing through the parted flood,
And through the harmless flame :
Enticed by sin, we did not yield,
Or place to Satan give;
And still by mercy's arm with-held,
We to thy glory live.
- 3 We live to testify the grace,
Which sure salvation brings ;
And sink to-night in thy embrace,
And rest beneath thy wings :
But whether, Lord, we wake or sleep,
The charge of Love Divine,
We trust thy Providence to keep,
Our souls for ever thine.

HYMN 18.

L. M.

- 1 JESUS, the virtue of thy name,
To-day as yesterday the same,
Our guilt removes, our fear dispels,
And every soul-distemper heals.
- 2 On us the precious faith bestow,
Through which thy name we truly know,
Experience all its saving powers,
And feel whate'er Thou hast is ours.
- 3 Thou giv'st us now our want to feel,
Thou dost our unbelief reveal ;
And wrought to this by previous grace,
We ask thy love, and seek thy face.
- 4 Thy all-restoring love impart,
Display thy presence in our heart ;

And perfectly made whole we rise,
And go in peace to paradise.

HYMN 19.

8s & 6s.

- 1 O THOU that hast our sorrows borne,
Help us to look on Thee, and mourn,
On Thee whom we have slain;
Have pierc'd a thousand, thousand times,
And by reiterated crimes
Renew'd thy mortal pain.
- 2 Vouchsafe us eyes of faith to see
The man transfix'd on Calvary!
To know thee who Thou art;
The one Eternal God and True;
And let the sight affect, subdue,
And break my stubborn heart.
- 3 My heart all other means defies,
It dares against thy threat'nings rise,
Thy righteous laws disdains;
More harden'd than the fiends below,
With unconcern to hell I go,
And laugh at hellish pains.
- 4 Lover of souls, to rescue mine,
Reveal the Charity Divine,
That suffer'd in my stead;
That made thy soul a sacrifice,
And quench'd in death those flaming eyes,
And bow'd that sacred head.
- 5 The unbelieving veil remove,
And by thy manifested love,
And by thy sprinkled blood,
Destroy the love of sin in me,
And get thyself the victory,
And bring me back to God.

- 6 Now by thy dying love constrain
My heart to love its God again,
 Its God to glorify;
And lo, I come thy cross to share,
Echo thy sacrificial prayer,
 And with my Saviour die.

HYMN 20.

6-7s & 4-4s.

- 1 FOUNTAIN of endless mercies,
Giver of all in Jesus,
 Who from thy throne
 Hast sent thy Son,
To ransom and to bless us :
Respect our humble mansion,
 With grateful joy resounding,
 With hymns of praise,
 For pard'ning grace,
Above our sins abounding.
- 2 Acknowledging the Author
And God of our salvation,
 Our hearts we lift,
 And own the Gift
Too mighty for expression :
We would be truly thankful,
Whom Jesus doth deliver
 From all our foes,
 And peace bestows,
And life that last for ever.
- 3 At morning, noon, and evening,
Our sacrifices bringing,
 We instantly
 Give praise to Thee,
The song triumphant singing :

With all thy ransom'd people,
Through Jesu's blood forgiven,
From earth we fly,
And scale the sky,
And join the choir of heaven.

HYMN 21.

10s.

- 1 THE wonders of grace
Redeem'd we proclaim,
The virtues confess
Of Jesus's name ;
Our whole conversation
To Jesus doth tend,
To final salvation,
And joy without end.
- 2 We rise with the sun,
To commune of Him ;
And when we lie down,
He still is our theme :
Recording his praises,
We sink on his breast,
And in his embraces
With confidence rest.
- 3 Of Jesus our Friend,
We talk by the way,
His goodness commend,
His Spirit obey ;
By short aspirations,
His succour implore,
And, kept in temptations,
Rejoice evermore.
- 4 O Saviour, appear,
To finish our sin,
In love without fear
Thy nature bring in :

We then in the Spirit
Of purity rise,
Thy joy to inherit,
Thy throne in the skies.

HYMN 22.

8s, Peculiar Metre.

- 1 ALMIGHTY Redeemer of all,
To trouble and misery nigh,
Convinc'd, but unsav'd from our fall,
On Thee we desire to rely;
Thou Lover and Friend of mankind,
With joy we have heard of thy fame,
Thy mercy expecting to find
For ever and ever the same.
- 2 Thou didst the lost sinners receive,
The weary, o'erwhelm'd, and oppress'd,
Thou didst the afflicted relieve,
And give them assurance and rest:
With sins or infirmities pain'd,
Thy succour who humbly implor'd,
As many as sought it obtain'd,
As many as touch'd were restor'd.
- 3 Invited and urg'd to draw nigh,
We trust in a merciful God,
To Thee the Physician apply,
And wait for a drop of thy blood:
Thy blood can all sicknesses heal;
Its virtue, O Jesus, impart,
Our pardon infallibly seal,
And heaven implant in our heart.

HYMN 23.

10's.

- 1 COME, Jesus, and build
Thy temples below,
In mercy reveal'd
Thy Deity show ;
Lay deep the foundation
Of faith in thy blood,
Which brought us salvation,
Which brings us to God.
- 2 Implant by thy grace
A church in this house,
Then, then we shall praise,
And pay Thee our vows ;
Beholding thy glory
Our souls shall arise,
And gladly adore Thee,
Like those in the skies.
- 3 A power to believe
We humbly request,
And long to receive
The promise of rest :
From sorrow and sinning
This moment to cease,
Our service beginning
With pardon and peace.
- 4 The praise of our Lord
Impatient to spread,
We wait for a word
That quickens the dead :
Thy mercy forgiving
The moment we see,
The living, the living
Shall triumph in Thee.

- 5 The blessings of grace,
 If others conceal,
 Our lips shall confess,
 The comforts we feel;
 Redeem'd by thy passion,
 We all the day long
 Will publish salvation,
 And sing the new song.
- 6 O wouldst Thou inspire
 Our hearts with thy love,
 And add to the choir
 Of harpers above:
 Then, Saviour, receive us,
 When perfect in one,
 And graciously give us
 A share of thy throne.

HYMN 24.

6s & 7s.

- 1 JESUS, we look to Thee,
 Part of thy family:
 Saviour of our sinful race,
 Claim the purchase of thy blood;
 Seize the prisoners of thy grace,
 Bring us to a pardoning God.
- 2 Disconsolate, distress,
 We sigh to thee for rest;
 Of our heavy load complain,
 Sorrows, sins, and doubts, and fears,
 Till the Comforter we gain,
 Till the bloody cross appears.
- 3 But when that Spirit pours
 Thy blood on us and ours,

Conscience is no more defil'd,
 Sighing, sin, and fear are gone,
 God in Thee is reconcil'd,
 God in Thee is all our own.

- 4 Come, Father, in the Son,
 And in the Spirit, down ;
 Purify our inward parts
 By thy love ineffable ;
 Take possession of our hearts,
 God in us for ever dwell.

HYMN 25.

C. M. D.

- 1 THOU Son of God, whose flaming eyes
 Our inmost thoughts perceive,
 Accept our evening sacrifice,
 Which now to thee we give :
 We bow before thy gracious throne,
 And think ourselves sincere :
 But show us, Lord, is every one
 Thy real worshipper ?
- 2 Is here a soul that knows Thee not,
 Nor feels his want of Thee ;
 A stranger to the blood, which bought
 His pardon on the tree ?
 Convince him now of unbelief,
 His desperate state explain ;
 And fill his careless heart with grief,
 And penitential pain.
- 3 Speak with that voice which wakes the dead,
 And bid the sleeper rise !
 And bid his guilty conscience dread
 The death that never dies :
 Extort the cry, What must be done
 To save a wretch like me ?

How shall a trembling sinner shun
That endless misery ?

- 4 I must this instant now begin
Out of my sleep to' awake ;
And turn to God, and every sin
Continually forsake :
I must for faith incessant cry,
And wrestle, Lord, with Thee ;
I must be born again, or die
To all eternity.

HYMN 26.

7s & 6s.

- 1 O GOD, in Christ, the Saviour,
To sinners reconcil'd ;
With manifested favour
Receive thy suppliant child :
On us, who bow before thee,
Lift up thy smiling face ;
And bid our souls adore Thee,
The God of pard'ning grace.
- 2 Father, till Thou revealest
Truth in our inward parts,
And sure forgiveness sealest
On all our waiting hearts ;
Us by thy fear o'erawing,
From evil far remove,
And let us feel Thee drawing
Our hearts with cords of love.
- 3 In soft compassion mind us,
If e'er we go astray ;
And speak the word behind us,
Return, this is the way ;
Restrain our will, consenting
To sin and misery,
B 2

And through thy grace preventing,
Allure us back to Thee.

- 4 By mercy's sweet attraction,
We after Thee shall run,
And win the satisfaction,
For us already won;
Regain our long-lost Eden,
In Jesu's peaceful mind,
And, by thy Spirit's leading,
Our heavenly country find.

HYMN 27.

8s & 7s.

- 1 REST of every weary spirit,
Peace of every troubled heart,
Jesus, full of righteous merit,
Righteousness to us impart :
All our sins in love pass over,
(All our sins were counted thine,)
Spread thy skirt our shame to cover,
Screen us from the wrath divine.
- 2 To the hope display'd before us,
While we would for refuge fly,
To thy Father's smile restore us,
Now the' ungodly justify :
While we pant beneath the mountain,
O remove our guilty load ;
Draw us to the open fountain,
Plunge the sinners in thy blood.
- 3 Peace be to our habitation,
Peace to all that here reside !
Stir them up to seek salvation,
Who secure in death abide :
By themselves no longer harden'd,
Comfort may they never know,

Never rest till, freely pardon'd,
After Thee with joy they go.

4 In a state of nature sleeping,
Still our little ones defend ;
Have the innocents in keeping,
Whom we to thy care commend :
Gently from their slumber wake them,
Short'ning then the legal strife,
Thine adopted children make them,
Heirs of everlasting life.

5 Every present soul receiving,
In thy mercy's arms embrace ;
Write our names among the living,
Number with the faithful race :
Hallow'd vessels of election,
For those purer mansions meet,
Children of the resurrection,
Take us to thy glorious seat.

HYMN 28.

7s & 6s.

1 FATHER, Son, and Spirit, come,
And with thine own abide ;
Holy God, to make thee room ;
Our hearts we open wide :
Thee, and only Thee, request,
To every asking sinner given ;
Come, our Life, and Peace, and Rest,
Our all in earth and heaven.

2 Born again that Thee we may
In spirit and truth adore ;
Come, and in thy temples stay,
And never leave us more :

Thee our faithful souls desire,
 Because we know Thee now in part;
 Nothing less can we require,
 Than all Thou hast and art.

3 With resign'd simplicity,
 And patient earnestness,
 Thee we seek; not thine, but Thee,
 We languish to possess:
 Come, and bring thy nature in,
 And let thy love unrival'd reign;
 Grace we then, and glory win,
 And all in Jesus gain.

HYMN 29.

7s & 6s.

1 SPIRIT of supplication,
 Through Jesus Christ bestow'd,
 Visit this habitation,
 And make us thine abode:
 To pour a mournful prayer,
 Help our infirmity;
 And all our souls prepare,
 Great God, to compass Thee.

2 Spirit of faith, discover
 To us the Crucified,
 The sinners' Friend and Lover,
 Who for his haters died:
 Set forth the Lamb atoning,
 As slaughter'd in our stead;
 And let us hear him groaning,
 And see him bow his head.

3 Help us to look upon Him,
 By us transfix'd and torn;
 The Lord of all, to own him,
 And o'er our Saviour mourn:

With tears of true contrition
Bewail a tortur'd God ;
And find him a Physician,
Who heals us by his blood.

- 4 O might we now, relenting,
Confess the Deicide ;
And while we lie lamenting,
Perceive his blood applied !
No longer let us grieve Him,
Who joy to us imparts,
But lovingly receive Him
Into our broken hearts !

HYMN 30.

4-8s & 2-7s.

For the Evening.

- 1 ANOTHER day preserv'd by grace,
We end it with our Saviour's praise ;
Symphonious to the choir above,
And triumph in his guardian love !
Angels, with your wings outspread,
Take your stand around our bed.
- 2 We soon shall wake, with you to sing,
In presence of our heavenly King ;
With you, unutterably blest,
Shall always praise, and never rest :
Smooth, as the melodious lay,
Endless ages roll away.
- 3 O that the joyful day were come,
Which calls our happy spirits home ;
O could we join our friends in light,
And reach our Father's house to-night ;
Sweetly close our willing eyes,
Open them in paradise !

HYMN 31.

5s, 6s, & 12s.

- 1 How happy are they,
 Who for happiness stay,
 And attend on their Lord ;
Ever faithful and true to accomplish his word :
 Who calmly look up,
 As prisoners of hope ;
 For liberty sigh,
And gladly believe their Redeemer is nigh.
- 2 This blessing is ours,
 Whom Jesus o'erpowers,
 And keeps by his grace,
Till on Him we lay hold, and his promise embrace ;
 Till in Him we confide,
 Whose blood is applied ;
 And of pardon possess'd,
In the Eden of love beatifical rest.
- 3 O would he appear,
 Our Deliverer here,
 And his prisoners release,
By a sight of his love, and a taste of his peace !
 Himself if He show,
 With singing we go,
 And in triumph remove,
To partake of his joy in the country above.
- 4 Come, heavenly Lord,
 The present reward,
 The full happiness be
Of us, and of all who are waiting for Thee :
 Thy favour and mind,
 With thee let us find,
 And fulness of grace ;
And glory obtain in a glimpse of thy face.

HYMN 32.

10s.

- 1 **AH**, what shall we do,
 Our pardon to gain ;
 And holiness true,
 With Jesus obtain !
 Our utmost endeavour
 Too weak to procure
 His forfeited favour,
 Or make our hearts pure !
- 2 For mercy and grace
 We only can cry,
 And wait in his ways,
 Till Jesus pass by ;
 To our supplication
 Humanely attend,
 And bring us salvation,
 Which never shall end.
- 3 The cry of our heart
 Thou waitest to hear ;
 And ready Thou art,
 Our Lord to appear,
 To give us thy Spirit ;
 And then we are free,
 And then we inherit
 All fulness in Thee.

HYMN 33.

7s.

- 1 **PRINCE** of everlasting peace,
 Us, thy meanest servants, bless ;
 Source of unanimity,
 Make us one through faith in Thee.
- 2 By the virtue of thy blood,
 Men are reconcil'd to God :

Reconcil'd through Thee alone,
Men are with each other one.

3 Pardon then to us impart,
Sprinkle every waiting heart :
To the head and members join,
Cemented by blood Divine.

4 Added to thy lambs and sheep,
Us within thy bosom keep,
In the purity of peace,
In the bond of perfectness.

5 By the Spirit of thy love
Re-begotten from above,
Heavenward let our souls ascend,
Seek the joys that never end.

6 Be Thyself our whole desire,
Till we reach the raptur'd choir ;
There, with all thy family,
Gaze, for ever gaze, on Thee.

HYMN 34.

L. M. D.

For the Master.

1 LORD, I the messengers receive,
And firmly their report believe,
Who by thy order testify
Of judgment and salvation nigh :
Hunted by all the faithless race,
They here shall find a hiding-place,
And, till the storm is turn'd aside,
Secure beneath my roof abide.

2 My love they amply will repay,
If I their warning voice obey ;

Hang out the Covenanted Sign,
The sacred Red, the Blood Divine:
Then, though thy plagues our land o'erflow,
And lay our lofty cities low,
No evil shall I feel or dread,
Protected by the Scarlet Thread.

HYMN 35.

8s & 7s.

- 1 JESUS, by our prayers invited,
 Condescend to be our Guest;
With the sons of men delighted,
 In thy ransom'd creature rest;
Claim us for thy purchas'd home,
Come, thou Friend of sinners, come.
- 2 In an earthly habitation
 Still if thou art pleas'd to dwell,
Visit us with thy salvation,
 God of love, Thyself reveal;
Take possession of thine own,
Finish what thy grace begun.
- 3 Lord, Thou hitherto hast brought us,
 By thy sweet alluring grace;
Surely Thou to this hast wrought us,
 That we would our Friend embrace:
Come, the loving Spirit cries;
Come, the longing bride replies.
- 4 Power Divine hath made us willing,
 All thy fulness to receive:
Now, thine own desires fulfilling,
 Come, and in thy temples live;
Thou in us, and we in Thee,
Dwell to all eternity.

HYMN 36. 8s, *Peculiar Metre.*

- 1 My burthen unable to bear,
 With sin above measure oppress'd,
I pour out a sorrowful prayer,
 I groan for redemption and rest :
In hope of approaching relief,
 I call on his wonderful name,
Whose pity attends to my grief,
 For ever and ever the same.
- 2 He came a lost world to redeem,
 He waits a lost world to forgive ;
The sinner is welcome to Him,
 The dead by his dying may live :
In mercy alone he delights,
 Unspeakably loving and kind,
The weary and burthen'd invites,
 Repose in his bosom to find.
- 3 My only resource in despair,
 To Jesus I faithfully flee ;
And cast a whole mountain of care
 On Him that hath answer'd for me :
His body the balsam supplied,
 My burthen of guilt it endur'd ;
And, lo, in his death I confide,
 And, lo, by his wounds I am cur'd.
- 4 His free, inexhaustible love,
 (A sea without bottom or shore,)
Doth all my affliction remove,
 And sorrow and sin are no more :
His mercy the pardon bestows,
 With blissful assurance and rest ;
And, lull'd to eternal repose,
 I sink on Immanuel's breast !

HYMN 37.

8s & 7s.

- 1 HAPPY day of his returning,
Day with no succeeding night,
Period of our pain and mourning,
Blaze of uncreated Light;
When shall we thy glories see,
Live the life of heaven in Thee!
- 2 Pain and griefs,—we soon shall lose 'em
In the presence of our Lord;
Sink on the Redeemer's bosom,
Find in him our full reward;
Mightily, supremely blest,
Lull'd to everlasting rest.
- 3 Joyous hope our sorrows cheering,
Exiles sad while here we stay!
Jesus, by his last appearing,
Comes to wipe our tears away;
Comes to claim his ready bride,
Comes to seat us at his side.
- 4 Haste, thou God of our salvation,
Whom by faith in part we know;
Show thyself the Consummation
Of our bliss begun below;
All our happiness above,
Swallow up our souls in love.

HYMN 38.

8s & 6s.

For a Family of Believers.

- 1 EXCEPT the Lord conduct the plan.
Our best-concerted schemes are vain,
And never can succeed:

We spend our wretched strength for nought ;
But if our works in God are wrought,
They shall be blest indeed.

2 Lord, if thou didst thyself inspire
Our hearts with this intense desire,
Thy goodness to proclaim,—
Thy glory if we now intend,—
O let our deed begin and end
Complete in Jesu's name !

3 In Jesu's name behold we meet,
Far from an evil world retreat,
And all its frantic ways ;
One only thing resolv'd to know,
And square our useful lives below,
By reason and by grace.

4 Not in the tombs we pine to dwell,
Not in the dark monastic cell,
By vows and grates confin'd :
Freely to all ourselves we give,
Constrain'd by Jesu's love to live
The servants of mankind.

5 Now, Jesus, now, thy love impart,
To govern each devoted heart,
And fit us for thy will :
Deep founded in the truth of grace,
Build up our rising church, and place
The city on the hill.

6 O let our faith and love abound ;
O let our lives to all around
With purest lustre shine ;
That all, but us, our works may see,
And give the glory, Lord, to thee,
The heavenly Light Divine.

HYMN 39.

8s & 6s.

- 1 COME, Wisdom, Power, and Grace divine !
Come, Jesus, in thy name to join
 A happy chosen band ;
Who fain would prove thine utmost will,
And all thy righteous laws fulfil,
 In love's benign command.
- 2 If pure essential Love Thou art,
Thy nature into every heart,
 Thy loving self inspire ;
Bid all our simple souls be one,
United in a bond unknown,
 Baptiz'd with heavenly fire.
- 3 Still may we to our Centre tend,
To spread thy praise our common end,
 To help each other on ;
Companions through the wilderness ;
To share a moment's pain, and seize
 An everlasting crown.
- 4 Jesus, our tender'd souls prepare !
Infuse the softest, social care,
 The warmest charity ;
The bowels of our bleeding Lamb,
The virtues of thy wondrous name,
 The heart which was in thee.
- 5 Supply what every member wants :
To found the fellowship of saints,
 Thy Spirit, Lord, supply ;
So shall we all thy love receive,
Together to thy glory live,
 And to thy glory die.

HYMN 40.

8s & 6s.

- 1 O SAVIOUR, cast a gracious smile !
Our gloomy guilt, and selfish guile,
And shy mistrust remove ;
The true simplicity impart,
To fashion every passive heart,
And mould it into love.
- 2 Our naked hearts to Thee we raise ;
Whate'er obstructs thy work of grace,
For ever drive it hence :
Exert thine all-subduing power,
And each regenerate soul restore,
To child-like innocence.
- 3 Soon as in Thee we gain a part,
Our spirit purg'd from nature's art,
Appears by grace forgiven ;
We then pursue our sole design,
To lose our melting will in thine,
And want no other heaven.
- 4 O that we now the power might feel,
To do on earth thy blessed will,
As angels do above !
In Thee, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
To walk, and perfectly obey
Thy sweet constraining love !
- 5 Jesus, fulfil our one desire,
And spread the spark of living fire,
Through every hallow'd breast ;
Bless with divine conformity,
And give us now to find in Thee,
Our everlasting rest.

HYMN 41.

C. M.

- 1 How happy we whom grace unites
In Jesu's precious name ;
Whom mercy's secret call invites,
To banquet with the Lamb !
- 2 We see our kind Supporter's hand,
And joyfully adore ;
And hast'ning to the heavenly land,
We send our hearts before.
- 3 Jesus shall there our hearts secure,
And keep our life above ;
As sure as Christ is God, as sure
As Christ our God is love.
- 4 And when He has prepar'd our place,
Our Lord again shall come ;—
Come, Lord, and show thy glorious face,
And *look* thy pilgrims home !

HYMN 42.

7s.

- 1 Holy Lamb, who Thee confess,
Followers of thy holiness,
Thee they ever keep in view,
Ever ask,—What shall we do ?
- 2 Govern'd by thine only will,
All thy words we would fulfil,
Would in all thy footsteps go,
Walk as Jesus walk'd below.
- 3 While thou didst on earth appear,
Servants to thy servants here,
Mindful of thy place above,
All thy life was prayer and love.

- 4 Such our whole employment be,
Works of faith and charity;
Works of love on man bestow'd,
Secret intercourse with God.
- 5 Early in the temple meet,
Let us still our Maker greet;
Nightly to the mount repair,
Join our praying Pattern there.
- 6 There by wrestling faith obtain
Power to work for God again;
Power his image to retrieve,
Power like Thee, our Lord, to live.
- 7 Vessels, instruments of grace,
Pass we thus our happy days,
'Twixt the mount and multitude,
Doing or receiving good.
- 8 Glad to pray and labour on,
Till our earthly course is run;
Till we on the sacred tree,
Bow the head and die like Thee.

HYMN 43.

8s & 7s.

- 1 COME, thou all-inspiring Spirit,
Into every longing heart!
Bought for us by Jesu's merit,
Now thy blissful Self impart:
Sign our uncontested pardon,
Wash us in the' atoning blood!
Make our souls a water'd garden,
Fill our sinless souls with God.

2 If thou gav'st the' enlarg'd desire,
Which for Thee we ever feel,
Now our panting hearts inspire,
Now our cancell'd sin reveal:
Claim us for thine habitation;
Dwell within our hallow'd breast:
Seal us heirs of full salvation,
Fitted for our heavenly rest.

4 Give us quietly to tarry,
Till for all thy glory meet;
Waiting, like attentive Mary,
Happy at our Saviour's feet:
Keep us from the world unspotted,
From all earthly passions free;
Wholly to thyself devoted;
Fix'd to live and die for Thee.

5 Wrestling on in mighty prayer,
Lord, we will not let thee go,
Till thou all thy mind declare,
All thy grace on us bestow;
Peace, the seal of sin forgiven,
Joy and perfect love impart,
Present, everlasting heaven,
All thou hast, and all Thou art.

HYMN 44.

L. M.

- 1 HEAD of the church, appear, appear,
Assembled with thy members herè;
Who in thy name and Spirit meet,
And tremble at thy wounded feet.
- 2 O'ercome, o'erwhelmed with mercy's power,
We meekly wonder and adore;
With silent awe thy goodness prove,
Or triumph in thy dying love.

- 3 Whene'er Thou dost thy love reveal,
Unutterable bliss we feel ;
We feel the virtue of thy name,
In holy fear, and humble shame.
- 4 Constrain'd by pure delight, we own
The everlasting life begun,
Glory anticipate in grace,
And heaven in thy smiling face.
-

OCCASIONAL HYMNS.

HYMN 45.

C. M. D.

For a woman near the time of her travail.

- 1 RIGHTEOUS, O Lord, thy judgments are,
Ordain'd by thy decree,
In sorrow to conceive and bear,
I bow my soul to Thee :
Daughter of Eve, thy voice I hear
Appointing my distress,
And prostrate in the dust revere
Thy awful righteousness.
- 2 The misery of my fall I feel,
And patiently sustain ;
But save me from th' extremest ill,
The more than mortal pain :
The utmost penalty decreed,
The utmost wrath forbear ;
And spare me, O thou Woman's Seed,
Thou Son of Mary, spare.
- 3 If once to swell the virgin's womb,
Great God, thou didst not scorn,
But man thyself for me become,
Of thy own creature born ;

Partaker of our flesh and blood,
Our sorrows still partake,
And screen me from the curse of God,
For thy own nature's sake.

- 4 O, Son of Man, assuage my woes,
My rising fears control ;
And sanctify the mother's throes,
And save the mother's soul :
Thy blessed, sanctifying will,
I know concerning me ;
By faith assur'd I ne'er shall feel
That endless misery.

- 5 My Saviour from the wrath to come,
From present evil save ;
And farther mitigate my doom,
Nor let me see the grave :
Still hold my soul in life, I pray,
A dying worm relieve ;
And let me all my lengthen'd day,
Unto thy glory live.

- 6 Now, Lord, I have to Thee made known
My troubled soul's request ;
And sink in calm dependence down,
Within thy arms to rest :
Secure in danger's blackest hour,
Thy faithfulness to prove ;
Protected by almighty power,
And everlasting love.

HYMN 46.

C. M. D.

- 1 SAVE, Jesus, save ! my hour is near
Of sorrow and distress ;
And lo, I faint, oppress'd with fear
Of my own helplessness :

- My littleness of faith I feel,
And sink o'erwhelm'd again,
Awed by the salutary ill,
The pain-preventing pain.
- 2 But ah, thou know'st an heavier care
Hath all my soul o'erspread;
And pain and death are light to bear,
Compar'd with what I dread:
My life I freely would resign,
And lay this moment down,
Rather than see a child of mine
Eternally undone.
- 3 But wilt thou suffer me to bear
A sad reverse of Thee;
A graceless, miserable heir
Of endless misery;
Expose it to the world's black wild,
And sin's malignant power?
And must I, Lord, bring forth a child,
For Satan to devour?
- 4 Rather resume the blessings lent,
And stop thy creature's breath;
And by a temporal, prevent
An everlasting death:
Before it draws this tainted air,
My harmless infant slay;
Or let the sad *Benoni* tear
My bleeding life away.
- 5 The keys of death and hell are held
In thine almighty hand;
And all the powers of nature yield
To thy supreme command:
Destroy the candidate for light,
Or slay me in its stead;
Childless among the living write,
Or free among the dead.

- 6 Or let the sleeping babe remain
In its maternal tomb ;
And safe from sin, and safe from pain,
For ever swell the womb :
Till waken'd by the trumpet's sound,
We both triumphant rise ;
And see our Life with glory crown'd,
And grasp him in the skies.

HYMN 47.

C. M.

- 1 BUT if thou otherwise ordain,
All-gracious as thou art,
And bring me through the perilous pain,
To act a mother's part ;
My infant yet unborn receive,
An offering to the sky ;
And let it for thy glory live,
And for thy glory die.
- 2 To Thee, great God, in Jesu's name,
Devoted from the womb,
For thine alone my offspring claim,
And when thou wilt, resume :
My child, like Jephtha's daughter, seize,
A sacrifice divine :
Or if a son his parents bless,
The Nazarite is thine.
- 3 Or in the morning of his day,
Or call him back at noon ;
I will not murmur for his stay,
Or cry, he died too soon !
I freely render thee thy right,
And in thy pleasure rest ;
For love and wisdom infinite
Must always choose the best.

- 4 My every creature-good remove :
 But let thy handmaid gain,
 The witness of thy pard'ning love,
 And still the grace retain :
 Retain, by mercy reconcil'd,
 The sense of sin forgiven ;
 And meet at last my happy child,
 With all my friends in heaven.

HYMN 48.

8s & 6s.

- 1 To whom should I for succour fly,
 While danger, pain, and death are nigh,
 And nature's fears return ?
 Jesus, my only sure relief,
 I tell to Thee my secret grief,
 And in thy bosom mourn.
- 2 I fear, lest in my trying hour,
 The strength of pain should quite o'erpower
 My soul's infirmity ;
 Lest, when my sorrows most prevail,
 My patience and my faith should fail,
 And leave me void of Thee.
- 3 Ev'n now I faint o'erwhelm'd with dread,
 I tremble at my greatest need,
 Lest thou shouldst hide thy face ;
 Afflict me more than I can bear,
 And then with-hold the aid of prayer,
 The power to sue for grace.
- 4 Yet though I am sometimes afraid ;
 On Thee my feeble mind is stay'd,
 My trust is in the Lord ;
 I hold thee with a trembling hand,
 And borne above myself I stand,
 Supported by thy word.

- 5 In God my Saviour I confide,
Whose truth and love are on my side :
If now for help I pray,
Thou, in the depth of my distress,
Wilt send a word of heavenly grace,
And save me through that day.
- 6 Thou wilt, I humbly trust, impart
The sense of pardon to my heart ;
The witness of thy love :
Thy love shall all my griefs control ;
Thy love shall calm my fluttering soul,
And hide my life above.
- 7 Arm'd with thy love and patient mind,
I come, to thy blest will resign'd,
For all events prepar'd ;
Soon as I know my pardon seal'd,
Assur'd that Jesus is my shield,
And infinite reward.

HYMN 49.

8 lines 7s.

- 1 AT this solemn turn of fate,
Looking for my painful hour,
Lord, on Thee I meekly wait,
Wait to prove thy gracious power :
From the eye of man conceal'd,
Lo, to Thee, my God, alone,
I my soul and body yield ;
Let thy will on both be done.
- 2 Here I give myself to prayer ;
Commune with my heart and Thee ;
Learn to cast on God my care,
Long thy saving health to see :

- 4 My every creature-good remove :
 But let thy handmaid gain,
 The witness of thy pard'ning love,
 And still the grace retain :
 Retain, by mercy reconcil'd,
 The sense of sin forgiven ;
 And meet at last my happy child,
 With all my friends in heaven.

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 And in thy bosom mourn.
- 2 I fear, lest in my trying hour,
 The strength of pain should quite o'erpower
 My soul's infirmity ;
 Lest, when my sorrows most prevail,
 My patience and my faith should fail,
 And leave me void of Thee.
- 3 Ev'n now I faint o'erwhelm'd with dread,
 I tremble at my greatest need,
 Lest thou shouldst hide thy face ;
 Afflict me more than I can bear,
 And then with-hold the aid of prayer,
 The power to sue for grace.
- 4 Yet though I am sometimes afraid ;
 On Thee my feeble mind is stay'd,
 My trust is in the Lord ;
 I hold thee with a trembling hand,
 And borne above myself I stand,
 Supported by thy word.

5 In God my Saviour I confide,
Whose truth and love are on my side :
If now for help I pray,
Thou, in the depth of my distress,
Wilt send a word of heavenly grace,
And save me through that day.

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The sense of pardon to my heart ;
The witness of thy love :
Thy love shall all my griefs control ;
Thy love shall calm my fluttering soul,
And hide my life above.

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I come, to thy blest will resign'd,
For all events prepar'd ;
Soon as I know my pardon seal'd,
Assur'd that Jesus is my shield,
And infinite reward.

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Looking for my painful hour,
Lord, on Thee I meekly wait,
Wait to prove thy gracious power :
From the eye of man conceal'd,
Lo, to Thee, my God, alone,
I my soul and body yield ;
Let thy will on both be done.

2 Here I give myself to prayer ;
Commune with my heart and Thee ;
Learn to cast on God my care,
Long thy saving health to see :

Might I thy salvation feel;
 Might I Abba, Father, cry;
 Ready then for all thy will,
 Meet I were to live or die.

- 3 O for love and pity's sake,
 Look on thy unconscious child;
 Cast my sins behind thy back,
 Tell me Thou art reconcil'd:
 Let me in thy strength rejoice;
 Let me feel my sins forgiven;
 Answer to the Shepherd's voice,
 Know my name enroll'd in heaven.
- 4 Now explain thy whole design:
 From my earliest infancy,
 Why didst Thou my will incline,
 Draw my simple heart to Thee?
 Wherefore did I haunt the shade,
 Sad, disconsolate, alone;
 Ever of thy frown afraid,
 Wretched for a God unknown?
- 5 Show me what I wanted then;
 Give me what I still require;
 Fairer than the sons of men,
 Me with thy pure love inspire:
 Thou, my long-sought happiness;
 Sum of my desires Thou art;
 Breathe the Spirit of thy grace,
 Breathe Thyself into my heart.

HYMN 50. 8s & 7s.

- 1 FULL of trembling expectation,
 Feeling much, and fearing more;
 Author, God of my salvation,
 I thy timely aid implore:

- Suffering Son of Man, be near me,
 All my sufferings to sustain;
 By thy sorer griefs to cheer me,
 By thy more than mortal pain.
- 2 Call to mind that unknown anguish,
 In thy days of flesh below,
 When thy troubled soul did languish
 Under a whole world of woe;
 When thou didst our curse inherit,
 Groan beneath our guilty load,
 Burthen'd with a wounded spirit,
 Bruis'd by all the wrath of God.
- 3 By thy *most* severe temptation,
 In that dark Satanic hour,
 By thy last mysterious passion,
 Screen me from the adverse power:
 By thy fainting in the garden,
 By thy bloody sweat, I pray,
 Write upon my heart the pardon;
 Take my sins and fears away.
- 4 By the travail of thy Spirit,
 By thine outcry on the tree,
 By thine agonizing merit,
 In my pangs remember me!
 By thy death I Thee conjure,
 A weak, dying soul befriend;
 Make me patient to endure,
 Make me faithful to the end.

HYMN 51.

- 1 HELP, my loving Lord and Saviour!
 Sav'd before, I implore
 Thy continued favour.

- 2 Still on Thee I cast my care :
Thou art still Pleas'd to feel,
What thy members bear.
- 3 With our weakness and temptation
Touch'd Thou art ; Feels thy heart
Exquisite compassion.
- 4 Well thou knowst the fear and sorrow
Which I know, Sunk in woe,
Trembling for to-morrow.
- 5 Trembling, lest, without thy power,
Feeble I Faint and die
In my coming hour.
- 6 Tried above what I can bear,
Lest I yield, Lose my shield,
Void of faith and prayer.
- 7 Let me now thy help secure :
Saviour *then* Strength ordain,
Help me *then* to' endure.
- 8 Me baptiz'd into thy passion,
Made like Thee, Visit me
With thy great salvation.
- 9 By the travail of thy Spirit
Me sustain, By thy pain,
By thy bleeding merit.
- 10 In my bitterest affliction,
By thy cup Hold me up ;
By thy dereliction.
- 11 Now I have thine aid bespoken ;
Peace impart To my heart ;
Give the loving token.

- 12 Love of my expiring Saviour,
Be the sign I am thine,
Thou art mine for ever !

HYMN 52. 7s & 6s.

- 1 JESUS, thou Son of Mary,
Thou Son of the Most High,
Lo, at thy feet I tarry,
And on thy truth rely :
In awful expectation
Of my distressing hour ;
I look for thy salvation,
For all thy mercy's power.
- 2 On Thee, my health in sickness,
My feeble soul is stay'd ;
Thy strength in human weakness
Is perfectly display'd :
Thou never wilt forsake me,
Who on thy love depend ;
But to thy bosom take me,
Till pain with life shall end.

HYMN 53. 7s & 6s.

- 1 LORD, I magnify thy power,
Thy love and faithfulness ;
Kept to my appointed hour
In safety and in peace :
Let thy providential care
Still my sure protection be ;
Till a living child I bear,
A sacrifice to Thee.
- 2 Who so near the birth hast brought,
(Since I on Thee rely,)
Tell me, Saviour, wilt Thou not
Thy farther help supply ?

Whisper to my listening soul;
 Wilt thou not my strength renew?
 Nature's fears and pangs control,
 And bring thy handmaid through?

3 Father, in the name I pray,
 Of thine incarnate Love;
 Humbly ask, that as my day
 My suffering strength may prove:
 When my sorrows most increase,
 Let thy strongest joys be given;
 Jesus, come *with* my distress,
 And agony is heaven.

4 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 For good remember me;
 Me, whom thou hast caused to trust
 For more than life in Thee:
 With me in the fire remain,
 Till like burnish'd gold I shine;
 Meet, through consecrated pain,
 To see the face Divine.

HYMN 54.

7s & 6s.

1 CAST on the fidelity
 Of my redeeming Lord,
 I shall his salvation see,
 According to his Word:
 Credence to his Word I give;
 My Saviour in distresses past,
 Will not now his handmaid leave,
 But bring me through the last.

2 Better than my boding fears,
 To me Thou oft hast prov'd;
 Oft observ'd my silent tears,
 And challeng'd thy belov'd;

Mercy to my rescue flew,
And Death ungrasp'd his fainting prey;
Pain before thy face withdrew,
And sorrow fled away.

3 Now as yesterday the same,
In all my troubles nigh;
Jesus, on thy word and name
I steadfastly rely:
Sure as now the grief I feel,
The promis'd joy I soon shall have;
Sav'd again, to sinners tell
Thy power and will to save.

4 To thy blessed will resign'd,
And stay'd on Thee alone;
I thy perfect strength shall find,
Thy faithful mercies own:
Compass'd round with songs of praise,
My all to my Deliverer give;
Spread the miracle of grace,
And for thy glory live.

HYMN 55.

6 lines 8s.

1 FATHER and Friend of human kind,
Supporter of this tottering clay;
I rest on Thee my feeble mind,
On thee my shrinking flesh I stay;
And, call'd thy chastisement to bear,
Pour out a calmly pensive prayer.

2 My life I know secur'd above,
Hid in those gracious hands divine;
But O, my heavier care remove,
And claim my unborn child for thine:
The burden of my womb receive,
Thine, only thine, to die, or live.

- 3 If fore-ordain'd to see the light,
It bursts into a world of woe;
Seize the young sinner as thy right,
Before it good or evil know;
And cleanse in the baptismal flood,
And wash my babe through Jesu's blood.
- 4 Even from the sacred laver take,
And guard its favour'd infancy;
Nor ever, Lord, thy charge forsake,
Nor let thy charge depart from Thee;
But walk in all thy righteous ways,
Till meet to see thy glorious face.

HYMN 56.

8s & 7s.

For a Woman in Travail.

- 1 JESUS, help! no longer tarry,
Hasten to redeem thine own:
Son of God, and Son of Mary,
Answering to thy creature's groan;
Now omnipotently near,
Prince of Life, in death appear.
- 2 Save her, by thy righteous merit,
From the just reward of sin;
By the travail of thy Spirit,
Bring the timely succours in;
By thy passion on the tree,
Save a soul that gasps to Thee.
- 3 Soften, sanctify the anguish,
Sad memorial of her fall;
Let her on thy bosom languish,
Till Thou bring her safe through all;
Ransom'd from the' extreme distress,
Bid her live—in perfect peace.

- 4 God of her complete salvation,
Heal, and bid her body rise;
Let her soul with exultation
Mount to Thee beyond the skies;
Happy as thy saints above,
Lost in her Redeemer's love.

HYMN 57.

C. M. D.

- 1 HEAR, O thou Friend of human kind,
Thou Son of Mary, hear;
And let thy suffering handmaid find
The answer of our prayer.
Thy Spirit's mix'd with nature's cries
Through thee to heaven ascend:
O send deliverance from the skies,
A swift deliverance send!
- 2 Save her, thyself of woman born,
Thyself the Son of man;
The curse into a blessing turn,
And sanctify the pain:
Be thou a present succour found
In time of greatest need;
And while her sorrows most abound,
Her comforts shall exceed.
- 3 This keenest sense of deep distress,
Which feeble flesh can feel,
O'erpower, and swallow up in peace,
And joy unspeakable:
Thy love shall bring her safely through;
Thy love to her be given;
And change the pains of hell into
The extacies of heaven.
- 4 So shall the ransom'd sinner give
To thee her added days;
So shall the joyful mother live
A mon'ment of thy praise;

She and her house shall serve the Lord,
Till all from earth remove,
In sounds of glory to record,
Thine everlasting love.

HYMN 58.

8s & 6s.

- 1 JESUS, we ask thy promis'd aid ;
Thou who for us a curse wast made ;
The penalty extreme,
Far from thy chosen one remove ;
And now, the object of thy love,
From curse and death redeem.
- 2 First in the primitive offence,
The curse she feels with quicker sense :
But, of a woman born,
Thou didst its utmost burthen bear,
To make it fall more light on her,
And to a blessing turn.
- 3 With pity then the anguish see,
The fruits of sin endur'd by Thee,
Thou patient Man of woe :
Thy sufferings past recall to mind ;
Shorten in her thy pangs behind,
And break the mortal blow.
- 4 In mercy mitigate her pain ;
Her feeble, fainting soul sustain,
With comforts from above ;
Strengthen, till all her pains are past,
And let her every moment taste,
The cordial of thy love.
- 5 Before her weary eyes display,
The bed where her Redeemer lay ;
The Lamb transfix'd and torn !

The place thou never canst forget;
Where thou hast paid our utmost debt,
And all our sorrows borne.

- 6 O let thy grief dry up her tears;
And while thy mangled form appears,
Thy visage marr'd with blood;
Let trouble, fear, and torture cease,
And all her happy soul confess,
Her Saviour and her God.
- 7 Victorious, with thy cross in view;
By thy own travail bring her through
The agonizing hour:
A living monument of praise,
A witness of redeeming grace,
And love's eternal power.

HYMN 59.

L. M. D.

Thanksgiving for her safe Delivery.

- 1 BLESSING, and praise, and thanks, and love,
Let God, the Saviour-God receive,
Who sent the succours from above,
And bade the dying sinner live!
The bitterness of death is past,
The mortal agony is o'er;
Brought through the fire, she lives at last,
To love, and wonder, and adore.
- 2 Long in the toils of hell she lay,
(While torture tore her tender frame,)
And meekly sigh'd her life away;
A picture of the bleeding Lamb!
Her eyes with looking upward fail'd,
And sought the rest of endless night;
But Christ her Advocate prevail'd,
And stopp'd the spirit in its flight.

- 3 When nature's strength and sense were gone,
 And death's cold hand had grasp'd his prey;
 God held her soul in life unknown,
 And re-inspir'd the breathless clay :
 God heard his wrestling people plead,
 Strong in the faith himself had given ;
 Mighty in prayer, which wakes the dead,
 In prayer which shuts and opens heaven.
- 4 Touch'd by the healing hand divine,
 She lives, she lives to praise her Lord :
 Jesus, the work and praise be thine ;
 Thy name be bless'd, rever'd, ador'd !
 Thou hast thy gracious word fulfill'd,
 And sav'd her in her last distress ;
 The promise and the prayer is seal'd,
 Seal'd on her heart in gospel-peace.
- 5 Wherefore with joyful lips and heart,
 Thee, Jesus, Lord of life we own ;
 And sing how great and good thou art,
 How near to help and save thine own !
 To thee our grateful all we give ;
 Thine, wholly thine, resolv'd to be ;
 And only for thy glory live,
 And die a sacrifice to Thee.

HYMN 60.

6 lines 7s.

Hymn for a new-born Child.

- 1 FATHER, Son, and Spirit come,
 Enter now thy human shrine,
 Take my offspring from the womb ;
 Mine he is not, Lord, but thine :
 Thine this moment let him be,
 Thine to all eternity !
- 2 Seize, O seize his tender heart,
 Beating to the vital air ;
 Everlasting life impart,
 Sow the seed of glory there :

Grace be to my infant given,
Grace, the principle of heaven.

3 Soon as reason's glimmering ray,
 Feebly faint begins to shine,
Let the spark of grace display,
 Stronger influence divine;
All the life of sin control,
Spread throughout his new-born soul.

4 Father, draw him from his birth,
 With the cords of heavenly love;
From the trivial joys of earth,
 Raise his mind to joys above;
Gently lead thy favourite on,
Till Thou giv'st him to thy Son.

5 Rise, the woman's conquering Seed,
 In his ransom'd nature, rise;
Bruiser of the serpent's head,
 Give him back his paradise;
Nature into grace convert,
Grave thine image on his heart.

6 Spirit of life, and love, and power,
 The deep things of God reveal;
Seal him from his natal hour,
 Him the heir of glory seal;
Strong with seven-fold energy,
Stamp, and fit him for the sky.

7 Father, Son, and Spirit come,
 Enter now thy human shrine,
Take my offspring from the womb;
 Mine he is not, Lord, but thine:
Thine this moment let him be,
Thine to all eternity.

HYMN 61.

8 lines 7s.

- 1 HELPLESS babe, who, from the womb,
Dost this hour thy course begin ;
Hasty trav'ler to the tomb,
Born in misery and sin ;
Born into a vale of tears,
To a world of trouble born ;
Subject of our hopes and fears,
Shall thy friends rejoice, or mourn ?
- 2 Thee, an heritage from God,
Thee, whom God vouchsafes to give ;
Not in wrath, but love bestow'd,
Thankfully we should receive :
But when all thy dangers rise,
Passions, pains, and sins, and snares ;
Fear rebukes our forward joys,
Turns our praises into prayers.
- 3 God, whose eye doth all things see,
Hidden from short-sighted man,
All thy works are known to Thee,
All our springs of joy and pain :
Knows thy wise omniscient mind,
What the new-born child shall prove ;
Whether mine his God *will* find,
Will insure thy hate, or love ?
- 4 But if now thy prescience sees,
Scenes of misery and vice ;
If his future wickedness,
Now offends thy glorious eyes :
E'er the dire decree bring forth,
E'er he turn from Thee his will,
Crush the viper in the birth,
Save him from a world of ill.

- 5 Do not suffer him to live,
 A transgressor from the womb,
 Thy good Spirit by sin to grieve;
 Rather now prevent his doom:
 Hear thy Spirit's cry within,
 A poor earthly parent's breast;
 Save my helpless child from sin,
 Snatch me now to endless rest.

HYMN 62. 6 lines 8s.

At the Baptism of a Child.

- 1 GOD of eternal truth and love,
 Vouchsafe the promis'd grace we claim;
 Thine own great ordinance approve,
 The child baptized into thy name;
 Partaker of thy nature make,
 And give her all thine image back.
- 2 Born in the dregs of sin and time,
 These darkest, last, apostate days;
 Burthened with Adam's curse, and crime,
 Thou in thy mercy's arms embrace;
 And wash out all her guilty load,
 And quench the brand in Jesu's blood.
- 3 Father, if such thy sovereign will,
 If Jesus *did* the rite enjoin,
 Annex thy hallowing Spirit's seal,
 And let the grace attend the sign:
 The seed of endless life impart;
 Seize for thy own our infant's heart.
- 4 Answer on her thy wisdom's end,
 In present and eternal good;
 Whate'er thou didst for man intend,
 Whate'er thou hast on man bestow'd;

Now to this favour'd babe be given,
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

- 4 In presence of thy heavenly host,
Thyself we faithfully require;
Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
By blood, by water, and by fire;
And fill up all thy human shrine,
And seal our souls for ever thine.

HYMN 63.

L. M. D.

Hymns for Parents.

- 1 FATHER of all, by whom we are,
For whom was made whatever is;
Who hast intrusted to our care
A candidate for glorious bliss;
Poor worms of earth, for help we cry,
For grace to guard what grace hath given;
We ask the wisdom from on high,
To train our infant up for heaven.
- 2 We tremble at the danger near,
And crowds of wretched parents see,
Who, blindly fond, their children rear,
In tempers far as hell from Thee:
Themselves the slaves of sense and praise,
Their babes who pamper and admire;
And make the helpless infants pass,
To murderer Moloch through the fire.
- 3 But let not *us* the demon please:
Our offspring to destruction doom;
Strengthen a sin-sick soul's disease,
Or damn him from his mother's womb!

Rather this hour resume his breath,
From selfishness and pride to save ;
By death prevent the second death,
And hide him in the silent grave !

4 Or, if thou grant a longer date,
With resolute widom *us* endue,
To point him out his lost estate,
His dire apostasy to shew :
To *time* our every smile and frown,
To mark the bounds of good and ill ;
And beat the pride of nature down,
And bend or break his rising will.

5 Him let us tend, severely kind,
As guardians of his giddy youth ;
As set to form his tender mind,
By principles of virtuous truth :
To fit his soul for heavenly grace,
Discharge the Christian parent's part ;
And keep him, till thy love takes place,
And Jesus rises in his heart.

HYMN 64.

C. M. D.

1 How fast the chains of nature bind,
Our poor degenerate race !
What darkness clouds the parent's mind,
If unrenewed by grace !
As sworn to take the tempter's part,
They fatally employ
Their utmost power and utmost art,
Their offspring to destroy.

2 By Satan's subtlety beguil'd,
To Satan's school they send ;
And each delights the fav'rite child
To humour and commend :

The proud with ranker pride they fill,
Heighten their worst disease,
And fondly sooth the stubborn will,
To ten-fold stubbornness.

- 3 With lust of pleasure, wealth, and fame,
Their children they inspire ;
And every vain desire inflame,
And every passion fire :
They wish them good, but rather great,
Religious, but genteel ;
Pious, yet fond of pomp and state ;
As heaven would mix with hell.
- 4 Adorn'd in pearl and rich array,
You see the murderer's prize !
As crown'd with flowers, the victims gay
Are led to sacrifice :
Down a broad, easy way they glide,
To endless misery ;
And curse their doting parents' pride,
To all eternity.
- 5 Others, an half-discerning few,
The fond excess condemn ;
And rush with headlong zeal into
The merciless extreme :
They vent their passion's furious heat,
In stern, tyrannic sway ;
Their children as their beasts entreat,
And force the slaves to' obey.
- 6 With notions fraught, the Stoicks sour,
Pursue their rigid plan ;
In weakness look for perfect power,
In babes the strength of man :
The wisdom ripe of hoary hairs,
From children they require ;
Till time their schemes in pieces tears,
And all in smoke expire.

- 7 Harass'd by long domestic war,
With scarce a truce between,
Their children's tender minds abhor
The' Egyptian discipline :
They quite throw off the yoke severe,
O'er nature's wilds to rove,
And hate the objects of their fear,
Whom they could never love.

HYMN 65.

C. M. D.

- 1 GOD only wise, almighty, good,
Send forth thy truth and light,
To point us out the narrow road,
And guide our steps aright :
To steer our dangerous course between
The rocks on either hand ;
And fix us in the golden mean,
And bring our charge to land.
- 2 Made apt by thy sufficient grace,
To teach as taught by Thee,
We come to train in all thy ways,
Our rising progeny :
Their selfish will by times subdue,
And mortify their pride ;
And lend their youth a sacred clew
To find the Crucified.
- 3 We would in every step look up ;
By thy example taught
To' alarm their fear, excite their hope,
And rectify their thought.
We would persuade their hearts to' obey ;
With mildest zeal proceed ;
And never take the harsher way,
When love will do the deed.

- 4 For this we ask, in faith sincere,
The wisdom from above,
To touch their hearts with filial fear,
And pure ingenuous love :
To watch their will, to sense inclin'd,
With-hold the hurtful food ;
And gently bend their tender mind,
And draw their souls to God.

HYMN 66.

C. M. D.

- 1 FATHER of Lights, thy needful aid
To us who ask impart ;
Mistrustful of ourselves, afraid
Of our own treacherous heart.
O'erwhelm'd with justest fear, again
To Thee for help we call :
Where many mightier have been slain,
By thee unsav'd, we fall.
- 2 Unless restrain'd by grace we are,
In vain the snare we see ;
We see, and rush into the snare
Of blind idolatry.
We plunge ourselves in endless woes,
Our hapless infant sell ;
Resist the light, and side with those
Who send their babes to hell.
- 3 Ah ! what avails superior light,
Without superior love ?
We see the truth, we judge aright,
And wisdom's ways approve :
We mark the idolizing throng,
Their cruel fondness blame ;
Their children's souls we know they wrong ;
And we shall do the same.

- 4 We censure them, ourselves untried,
For passionate excess,
Who train their children up in pride,
And sloth and stubbornness :
Less savage, to our judgment, they
Who slew their little ones ;
Or left to ravenous beasts a prey,
Or dash'd against the stones.
- 5 Yet spite of our resolves, we fear
Our own infirmity ;
And tremble at the trial near,
And cry, O God, to Thee !
We soon shall do what we condemn,
And, down the current borne,
With shame confess our nature's stream
Too strong for us to turn.
- 6 Our only help in danger's hour,
Our only strength Thou art !
Above the world and tempter's power,
And greater than our heart !
Us from ourselves Thou canst secure,
In nature's slippery ways ;
And make our feeble footsteps sure,
By thy sufficient grace.
- 7 If on thy promis'd grace alone
We faithfully depend,
Thou surely wilt protect thy own,
And keep us to the end :
Wilt make us tenderly discreet
To guard what Thou hast given ;
And bring our child with us to meet
At thy right hand in heaven.

HYMN 67. S. M. D.

- 1 O THAT my son might live
A mon'ment of thy grace;
To Thee his earliest childhood give,
To thee his riper days!
My heavenly Father, hear
In me thy Spirit's cry;
And grant the child his God to fear,
Or give him now to die.
- 2 Ah, do not let him stay,
To grieve thy glorious eyes;
To wander down the beaten way
Of passion, pride, and vice:
To know the misery
Which I, alas, have known;
Or sav'd by fire, if sav'd like me,
Or finally undone.
- 3 Rather, in tender grace,
Resume my infant's breath;
And snatch him from the dangerous maze,
The brink of second death:
To glorious worlds on high,
His spotless soul receive;
Where all who in their childhood die,
With God for ever live.

HYMN 68. 10s.

- 1 LET Ishmael live
Devoted to God;
O Father, receive,
Whom thou hast bestow'd;
Hast purposely given,
That we may resign
The blessing of heaven,
The present divine.

- 2 Thy servants prepare
With wisdom for this;
To bring up an heir
Of heavenly bliss:
By walking before thee
His steps let us guide,
And lead him to glory
Through Jesus's side.
- 3 The doting excess
Of nature remove,
And graciously bless
Our labours of love;
Our sanctified cares
With favour allow;
And answer our prayers,
And answer them now.
- 4 The blessing we claim,
Now, Father, impart;
Thy nature and name
Be on his young heart:
Our infant inspire
With life from on high;
And kindle the fire
That never shall die.

HYMN 69.

5's, 6's, & 11's.

The Mother's Hymn.

- 1 O WHAT shall I do,
What method pursue,
In safety to bring my young innocent through?
What a wonder of grace
If he 'scapes one whole race,
Unspoil'd by indulgence, unpoison'd by praise!

2 'Tis mercy alone
 Can assist him to run
 Through a desart, where thousands are daily undone :
 That mercy I claim,
 In Jesus's name ;
 And believe him a Saviour for ever the same.

3 By mercy set free,
 My Redeemer I see,
 As willing to save my poor infant as me :
 If I trust him, he must
 Be true to his trust ;
 For to all that believe he is gracious and just.

4 I trust him alone
 For myself and my son,
 That he will not forsake whom he takes for his own:
 By grace reconcil'd
 I give him my child ;
 And if Jesus preserve, he can never be spoil'd.

HYMN 70.

5's, 6's, & 11's.

Another.

1 WHAT follies abound,
 Where reason is drown'd,
 By an heathenish nurse in a torrent of sound !
 When, by Satan beguil'd
 With sonnets defiled,
 She angers her Maker, to quiet her child !

2 Who the Saviour and Son
 Of Mary have known,
 They delight to converse with their Jesus alone :
 They at all times proclaim
 His wonderful name ;
 And in tending their infants they sing of the Lamb.

3 The Lamb from the Throne
 Of his Father came down ;
 He was flesh of our flesh, he was bone of our bone :
 The Omnipotent Lord
 By all Heaven ador'd,
 The invisible Godhead appear'd in the Word.

4 With the children of men
 Jehovah was seen,
 Through the veil of our dignified nature between :
 The Ancient of Days
 Discover'd his face,
 And admitted his angels with rapture to gaze.

5 Who gave all things to be,
 What a wonder to see
 Him born of his creature, and nurs'd on her knee !
 The Infant Divine
 (Let all creatures combine
 To acknowledge the grace) was as helpless as mine!

HYMN 72.

7s.

For a Sick Child.

- 1 FATHER, God of pitying love,
 Let thy yearning bowels move ;
 Let thine ear attend our cry,
 Help, before our infant die.
- 2 Hear her help-imploring groan,
 Pain'd with sorrows not her own ;
 Bruis'd, alas, for our offence,
 Save her suffering innocence.
- 3 Whom but now thy mercy gave,
 Keep her from the gaping grave ;
 Whom thy love persists to give,
 Let her for thy glory live.

- 4 But if thou foreknow'st it best,
Not to grant our blind request,
Snatch her from a length of pain,
Take her to thine arms again.
- 5 Now her spotless soul remove
To the innocents above ;
To her kindred in the skies,
To an early paradise.
- 6 Only, while she hence departs,
Let her carry up our hearts ;
Rend them as she rends her clay,
Tear them far from earth away.
- 7 Far above the world of pain,
Let our souls with hers remain ;
Far above its comforts soar,
Stoop to earthly bliss no more.

HYMN 73.

6 lines 7s.

On her Death.

- 1 LOVELY fair, but breathless clay,
Whither is thy tenant gone ?
Would the soul no longer stay,
Prisoner in a world unknown ?
Surfeited with life and pain,
Is she fled to heaven again ?
- 2 Wherefore did she visit earth,
Earth so suddenly to leave ;
Gall'd and burthen'd from the birth,
Only born to cry and grieve ?
What was all her life below ?
One sad month of fruitless woe.
- 3 Count we now our mournful gains,
We, who called the child our own :
Lo, she pays her mother's pains
With her last expiring groan ;

Mocking all her fond desires,
Lo, her father's hope expires !

- 4 Thus her parents' grief she cheers,
 Transient as a short-liv'd flower ;
Scarcely seen, she disappears ;
 Blooms, and withers in an hour :
Thus our former loss supplies,
Thus our *promis'd* comfort dies !

- 5 But shall sinful man complain,
 Stripp'd by the divine decree ?
Dares our impious grief arraign
 Heaven's tremendous Majesty ?
Rather let us meekly own,
All is right which God hath done.

- 6 God hath answer'd all our prayers,
 Mended after his own will ;
Number'd with salvation's heirs,
 Her whose happy change we *feel* ;
Her whose bliss rebukes our sighs,
Bids us follow to the skies.

- 7 God to' enhance her joy above,
 Gave her a few painful days,
Object of his richest love,
 Vessel of his choicest grace ;
Bade her suffer with his Son,
Die to claim an earlier throne.

- 8 Best for her so soon to die :
 Best for us how can it be ?
Let our bleeding hearts reply,
 Torn from all, O Lord, but Thee ;
To thy righteous will subdued,
Panting for the sovereign good.

- 9 Let them pant, and never rest,
 Till thy peace our sorrows heal ;
 Troubled be our aching breast,
 Till the balm of love we feel ;
 Love, which every want supplies,
 Love of One that never dies.
- 10 Might we, Lord, thy love attain !
 Cure of every evil this ;
 This would turn our loss to gain,
 Turn our misery into bliss ;
 Love our Eden here would prove,
 Love would make our heaven above.

HYMN 74.

8 lines 7s.

For a Child in the Small Pox.

- 1 FATHER, by the tender name
 Thou for man vouchsaf'st to bear,
 We thy needful succour claim ;
 We implore thy pitying care,
 For our stricken child distress'd :
 Wilt thou not our load remove,
 Calm the tumult in our breast,
 Manifest thy saving love ?
- 2 Love inflicts the plague severe ;
 Love the dire distemper sends :
 Let thy heavenly messenger
 Answer all thy gracious ends :
 Give us power to watch and pray,
 Trembling at the threaten'd loss ;
 Tear our hearts from earth away,
 Nail them to thy bleeding cross.
- 3 Fain we would obedient prove ;
 Here, on rugged Calvary,
 Render back the son we love,
 Yield our only son to thee :

While he on the altar lies,
We to thy decree submit ;
Offer up our sacrifice,
Weep in silence at thy feet.

4 Human tears may freely flow,
Authoris'd by tears Divine ;
Till thine awful will we know,
Comprehend thy whole design :
Jesus wept ! and so may we :
Jesus suffer'd all thy will,
Felt the soft infirmity,
Feels his creature's sorrow still.

5 Father of our patient Lord,
Strengthen us with Him to grieve,
Prostrate to receive thy word,
All thy counsel to receive :
Though we would the cup decline,
Govern'd by thy will alone,
Ours we struggle to resign ;
Thine, and only thine be done.

6 Life and death are in thine hand ;
In thine hand our child we see ;
Waiting thy benign command,
Less belov'd by us than Thee :
Need we then his life request ?
Jesus understands our fears ;
Reads a mother's panting breast,
Knows the meaning of her tears.

7 Jesus blends them with his own,
Mindful of his suffering days :
Father, hear thy pleading Son,
Son of Man, for us He prays :

What for us he asks, bestow ;
 Ours he makes his own request :
 Send us life or death ; we know,
 Life, or death, from thee is best.

HYMN 75. 7s & 6s.

Thanksgiving for his Recovery.

- 1 GLORY to God most high,
 With joyful hearts we give ;
 Call'd like Abraham from the sky,
 Our Isaac to receive !
 Him as from the dead restor'd,
 Thankful we again embrace ;
 Taste the goodness of our Lord,
 And sing the Donor's praise.
- 2 How shall we the gift improve,
 A little longer lent ?
 Father, to receive thy love,
 We now our hearts present :
 Humbly on thy mercy cast,
 Farther mercy we implore ;
 Pay thee back thy favours past,
 By still accepting more.
- 3 Jesus, (for whose only sake,
 Thou hast restor'd our child,)
 Thy most precious gift we take,
 And own thee reconcil'd :
 Wait thy peace and power to feel,
 Peace unspeakable, unknown ;
 Power to do thy perfect will,
 And serve our God alone.
- 4 We, if so thy will require,
 Our sacrifice repeat ;
 Nature's every fond desire,
 To thy decree submit :

Back to Thee thine own we give,
 Leave him in thy sovereign hand ;
 Let him in thy presence live,
 Or die at thy command.

- 5 Only while we offer up,
 Our dearest blessings here,
 Bless us with our heavenly hope,
 The constant Comforter :
 While our faith by works we prove,
 While the furnace we abide,
 Speak us perfected in love,
 For ever justified.

HYMN 76.

L. M. D.

Another.

- 1 WORSHIP, and power, and thanks, and love,
 To God, the gracious God and true,
 Whose faithfulness again we prove,
 And mercies every moment new :
 Jesus hath heard his people's prayer,
 Our child reviv'd, our son re-given ;
 Let all his healing name declare,
 And spread his praise, through earth and heaven !
- 2 Saviour, we at thy hands receive
 This pledge of greater good to come ;
 And to thy wise disposal leave,
 Whom thou hast ransom'd from the tomb :
 The child, no longer ours, but thine ;
 Ev'n, from his earliest infancy,
 To Thee we cheerfully resign,
 A servant of thy church and Thee.
- 3 While here our Samuel we present,
 With favour, Lord, accept the loan ;
 To Thee irrevocably lent,
 And bless and seal him for thine own :

Devoted from his infant days,
Oh may he in thy courts be found !
Grow up to minister thy grace,
And spread through earth the Gospel-sound.

HYMN 77.

7s.

For a Child Cutting his Teeth.

- 1 SUFFERING for another's sin,
Why should innocence complain ?
Sin by Adam enter'd in,
Sin engend'ring grief and pain :
Sin entail'd on all our race,
Forces harmless babes to cry ;
Born to sorrow, and distress ;
Born to feel, lament, and die.
- 2 Tortur'd in his tender frame,
Struggling with convulsive throes ;
Doth he not aloud proclaim,
Guilt the cause of all our woes ?
Guilt, whose sad effects appear ;
Guilt original we own,
See it in that starting tear,
Hear it in that heaving groan !
- 3 Man's intemperate offence,
In its punishment we read ;
Speechless, by his aching sense,
Guilty doth our infant plead :
Instruments of sin and pain,
Signs of guilt and misery,
Eve's incontinence explain,
Point us to the tasted tree.
- 4 There the bitter root we find,
Fatal source of nature's ill ;
Ill which all our fallen kind,
With this young apostate feel :

But what we can ne'er remove,
 Jesus came to sanctify ;
 Second Adam from above,
 Born for us to live and die.

- 5 Help, the woman's heavenly Seed,
 Thou that didst our sorrows take ;
 Turn aside the death decreed ;
 Save him for thy nature's sake !
 Pitying Son of man and God,
 Still thy creature's pains endure ;
 Quench the fever with thy blood,
 Bless him with a perfect cure.
- 6 Thine it is to bless and heal,
 Thine to rescue and repair :
 On our child the answer seal,
 Thou who didst suggest the prayer :
 Send salvation to this house ;
 Then to double health restor'd,
 I and mine will pay our vows,
 I and mine will serve the Lord.

HYMN 78.

7s & 6s.

At sending a Child to the Boarding-School.

- 1 NOT without thy direction,
 From us our child we send,
 And to thy sure protection,
 Her innocence commend :
 Jesus, thou Friend and Lover
 Of hapless infancy ;
 With wings of mercy cover,
 A soul belov'd by Thee.
- 2 Evil communication,
 O let it not pervert,
 Or fill with pride and passion,
 Her fond unwary heart :

Preserve her uninfected,
 (In answer to our prayers,)
 From dangers unsuspected,
 From twice ten thousand snares.

3 Let no affections foolish,
 Or vain, her spirit soil;
 Let no instructions polish,
 Her nature into guile:
 No low dissimulation,
 Place in her bosom find;
 No worldly art or fashion,
 Corrupt her simple mind.

4 Our little one, believing,
 Beneath thy care we place,
 And see Thee, Lord, receiving
 Her into thine embrace:
 Thyself her inward Teacher,
 Thyself her Guardian be;
 And graciously enrich her
 With all that is in Thee.

HYMN 79.

6 lines 7s.

*A Mother's Act of Resignation on the Death
 of a Child.*

1 PEACE, my heart, be calm, be still,
 Subject to my Father's will!
 God in Jesus reconcil'd,
 Calls for *his* beloved child;
 Who on me himself bestow'd,
 Claims the purchase of his blood.

2 Child of prayer, by grace divine,
 Him I willingly resign;
 Through his last convulsive throes,
 Born into the true repose;

Born into the world above,
Glorious world of light and love!

3 Through the purple fountain brought,
To his Saviour's bosom caught;
Him in the pure mantle clad,
In the milk-white robe array'd,
Follower of the Lamb I see;
See the joy prepar'd for me.

4 Lord, for this alone I stay;
Fit me for eternal day;
Then thou wilt receive thy bride
To the souls beatified;
Then with all thy saints I meet,
Then my rapture is complete.

HYMN 80.

8s & 6s.

*Thanksgiving after Recovery from the Small
Pox.*

1 PEACE, panting soul, the storm is o'er,
My mortal foe appears no more,
As brandishing his dart:
But lo! the Prince of life is nigh,
To chase my terrors with his eye,
And still my fluttering heart.

2 The awful doubt is solv'd at last;
The bitterness of death is past;
And, bless'd with a reprieve,
My panting soul may now respire;
My body too hath pass'd the fire,
And, doubly sav'd, I live.

3 'Twas prayer alone that turn'd the scale,
(The prayer which doth with God prevail,)
And brought him from the sky:

The Friend of Lazarus was here,
And dropp'd again the pitying tear,
And would not let me die.

- 4 God of my life and health restor'd,
I own thee for my God and Lord,
Thy power and goodness see;
Accept the token from above,
The pledge of thy forgiving love,
The life of heaven in Thee.
- 5 Thy arm, omnipotent to save,
Hath kindly snatch'd me from the grave,
And made my body whole :
Oh for thy own compassion's sake,
Cast all my sins behind thy back,
And now restore my soul.
- 6 The confidence divine impart,
The witness breathe into my heart,
And seal my sins forgiven ;
Allow me then my last desire,
And send with death the car of fire,
That wraps my soul to heaven.

HYMN 81.

6 lines 8s.

Another.

- 1 SING to the Prince of life and peace ;
Let every tongue *my* Saviour bless ;
So strong to help in danger's hour,
So present in his healing power ;
And from the margin of the grave,
So good a dying worm to save.
- 2 Can I forget the solemn day
When, grappling with my foe, I lay ?
O'er my weak flesh from foot to head,
The loathsome leprosy was spread ;

The foulest plague our race can feel,
The deadliest fruit of sin and hell.

- 3 The poison boil'd in every vein,
The fire broke out in raging pain ;
I sunk oppress'd through all my powers,
With bruises, wounds, and putrid sores ;
My body rack'd in every part,
And sick to death my fainting heart.
- 4 Jesus beheld my last distress,
And turn'd the current of disease ;
He stopp'd my spirit on the wing,
And chas'd away the grizzly king :
His wonder-working arm I own,
And give the praise to God alone.
- 5 He in the kind physician came,
(Bow all to Jesu's balmy name !)
Amidst my weeping friends He stood,
And mixed the cordial with his blood ;
Display'd his dead-reviving art,
And pour'd his life into my heart.
- 6 Brought from the gates of death, I give
My life to him by whom I live ;
Rais'd from a restless bed of pain,
I render him my strength again ;
And only wait to prove his grace,
And only breathe, to breathe his praise.

HYMN 82.

7s.

Oblation of a Sick Friend.

- 1 GOD of love, with pity see ;
Succour our infirmity ;
Father, let thy will be done ;—
Thine we say, but mean our own.

- 2 Can we of ourselves resign
The most precious loan divine?
With thy loveliest creature part?
Lord, Thou seest our bleeding heart!
- 3 Whom thyself hast planted there,
From our bleeding heart to tear;
This, most sensibly we feel,
This we own impossible.
- 4 Dearest of thy gifts below,
Nature cannot let her go;
Nature, till by grace subdued,
Will not give her back to God.
- 5 But we *would* receive the power,
Every blessing to restore;
Would to thy decision bow,
Would be meekly willing now.
- 6 If Thou *wilt* thine own revoke,
Now inflict the sudden stroke;
Take our eyes' and heart's desire,
Let her in thine arms expire.
- 7 Stripp'd of all, we trust in Thee,
As our day our strength shall be:
Jesus, Lord, we come to prove
All the virtue of thy love.
- 8 When the creature-streams are dry,
Thou Thyself our wants supply;
Thou of life the Fountain art,
Rise eternal in our heart.

HYMN 83.

7s.

Another.

- 1 LOVER, Friend of human kind,
Call thy days of flesh to mind;

- When thou didst our sorrows bear,
All our sinless frailties share.
- 2 When thou didst converse below,
Every shape of human woe,
Every supplicant in pain,
Could thy ready help obtain.
- 3 Melted by thy creature's tears,
Troubled with our griefs and fears;
Pity made thy spirit groan,
Made our miseries thine own.
- 4 None applied in vain to Thee;
Thy divine philanthropy
Cheer'd the faint, the hungry fed,
Heal'd the sick, and rais'd the dead.
- 5 Hear us then, thou man of grief;
O make haste to our relief:
After Thee for help we cry;
Come before our sister die!
- 6 Jesus, evermore the same,
Manifest thy saving name;
Good Physician from above,
Heal the object of thy love.
- 7 Humbly prostrate at thy feet,
We our will to thine submit;
Yet, before thy will is shewn,
Trembling we present our own.
- 8 Till thy love's design we see,
Earnest, but resign'd to Thee;
Suffer us for life to pray,
Bless us with her longer stay.

- 9 Let the balm be now applied ;
Touch her, and the fever chide ;
Now command it to depart ;
Sprinkle now her peaceful heart.
- 10 Thou with equal ease and skill,
Canst the soul and body heal :
Raise her, Lord, the vessel raise,
Of thine all-sufficient grace.
- 11 Let her long a witness live,
That Thou canst on earth forgive ;
Live, thine utmost love to see,
Live, to serve thy church and Thee.
- 12 Then, when all her work is done,
Thou thy faithful servant crown ;
Take her, Jesus, to thy breast,
Take us all to endless rest.

HYMN 84. 6 lines 8s.

For one visited with Sickness.

- 1 O THOU, whose wise paternal love
Hath brought my active vigour down ;
Thy choice I thankfully approve ;
And, prostrate at thy gracious throne,
I offer up my life's remains,
I choose the state my God ordains.
- 2 Cast as a broken vessel by,
Thy will I can no longer do ;
Yet while a daily death I die,
Thy power I may in weakness shew ;
My patience may thy glory raise,
My speechless woe proclaim thy praise.
- 3 But since without thy Spirit's might,
Thou know'st I nothing can endure ;
The help I ask in Jesu's right,
The strength he did for me procure,

- Father, abundantly impart,
And arm with love my feeble heart.
- 4 This single good I humbly crave ;
 This single good on me bestow ;
And when my one desire I have,
 Let every other blessing go !
Ah, do not, Lord, my suit deny ;
I only want to love, and die.
- 5 Or let me live, of love possess'd,
 In weakness, weariness, and pain ;
The anguish of my labouring breast,
 The daily cross I still sustain,
For him that languish'd on the tree,
But liv'd before he died for me.

HYMN 85.

8s & 6s.

- 1 WELCOME, incurable disease,
Whate'er my gracious God decrees,
 My happy choice I make ;
Death's sentence in myself receive,
Since God a man of griefs did live,
 And suffer for my sake.
- 2 The love which brought him from the skies,
Which made his soul a sacrifice,
 Visits me in this pain :
He bids me taste his passion's cup,
And fills his mournful measure up,
 That I with him may reign.
- 3 Not that the sufferings I endure,
His Father's favour can procure,
 Or for my sins atone :
Jesus alone the wine-press trod,
Answer'd the just demands of God,
 And paid my debt alone.

- 4 Nor can my utmost griefs or pains,
 Purge out the' original remains,
 Or kill the root of sin :
 That blood which did my pardon buy,
 That only blood must sanctify,
 And wash my nature clean.
- 5 Yes, O thou all-redeeming Lamb,
 The virtue of thy balmy name
 Restores my inward peace :
 Thy death doth all my guilt remove ;
 Thy life shall fill my heart with love,
 And perfect holiness.
- 6 Faith in thy powerful love I have ;
 Thou wilt the helpless sinner save,
 Who fain to Thee would go :
 Thou dost from time to time reprieve,
 Till I my pardon seal'd receive,
 And all thy fulness know.
- 7 I own thy kind design on me,
 The meaning of thy patience see ;
 Thou hast my manners borne :
 That sav'd, before I hence depart,
 Lowly, and meek, and pure in heart,
 I may to God return.
- 8 Accomplish then thy gracious end,
 And bid my happy soul ascend,
 In holiness complete :
 The meanest of that heavenly throng,
 Who sing thine own eternal song,
 And triumph at thy feet.

HYMN 86.

S. M. D.

For the Morning.

- 1 GIVER of every good,
 To praise thy love I wake ;

Thy love the balmy sleep bestow'd,
For my Redeemer's sake:
Thy love kept off the pain,
That oft invades my breast;
And bids my soul aspire again,
To its eternal rest.

2 To Thee in Christ my Peace,
Again I humbly turn;
My past ingratitude confess,
My life of folly mourn:
A life how dark and void!
A long-continu'd blot!
Talents or hid, or misemploy'd,
And benefits forgot.

3 My virtues false and vain,
My justest works unjust;
Not one but gives my conscience pain,
And lays me in the dust:
But worse than all I find,
The bitter root within;
The beastly heart, the devilish mind,
The hell of inbred sin.

4 Far from myself to Thee,
Thou sinner's Friend, I fly;
Forc'd out by my own misery,
To seek salvation nigh:
The' infallible relief,
Assur'd at last to prove;
And lose my depths of sin and grief
In thy abyss of love.

5 One thing I now desire,
While for thy love I stay;
One blessing instantly require,
And will not be said nay:

To genuine holiness,
 Till thou my soul restore,
 Give joy or grief, give pain or ease,
 But bid me sin no more.

HYMN 87. 8s & 6s.

- 1 AND let this gross corporeal clay
 Clog the pure ethereal ray,
 And weigh my spirit down ;
 My spirit shall superior rise,
 If Jesus shows me from the skies,
 That everlasting crown.
- 2 Sick, and in pain, why should I grieve ?
 "Troubled heart in Me believe,
 "And heaven, (He saith,) is thine :"
 He went before, that all who mourn,
 Might triumph in his swift return,
 And see the Face Divine.
- 3 Fulness of joy his Presence gives ;
 Heaven its heavenliness receives,
 When Him unveil'd we see :
 Of all our bliss the fount and root,
 The tree, the blossom, and the fruit,
 Is immortality.
- 4 My immortality Thou art ;
 Glorious Earnest in my heart,
 Jesus, to me be given :
 Of Thee possess'd, I ask no more,
 But happy in thy love adore,
 The Joy of earth and heaven.

HYMN 88. 8 lines 7s & 6s.

- 1 O THOU, whose kind compassion
 Hath lengthen'd out my day ;
 To see thy great salvation,
 Still in the flesh I stay ;

Thyself the cause unfoldest,
Of all thy patient grace;
My soul in life thou holdest,
That I may see thy face.

- 2 For this, as tottering over
The grave, I feebly stand,
Till Thou thyself discover,
And bring me safe to land :
I live, though daily dying,
And languish for that peace ;
And wait that blood's applying,
Which signs my soul's release.
- 3 My God, Thou wilt not leave me,
When strength and friends depart ;
But graciously forgive me,
And seal it on my heart :
In joy beyond expressing,
In comforts from above,
In every gospel blessing,
In all the life of love.
- 4 Come then my consolation,
My Life beyond the grave,
And show me thy salvation,
And by thy presence save :
In faith's most strict embraces,
O might I compass Thee ;
And then in heavenly places
Thy face for ever see.

HYMN 89.

7s & 6s.

- 1 OF a dejected spirit,
I want the sovereign cure,
The all-atoning Merit,
Which makes salvation sure :

In secret meditation
On an expiring God,
I wait the application
Of Jesu's balmy blood.

2 What but my faithful thinking
On Him who stain'd the tree,
Can prop my nature, sinking
In its own misery?
What but the sacred Fountain,
Which purg'd a world of sin,
Can move this guilty mountain,
And give me peace within?

3 When sick of sin I languish,
My plague incurable,
My wounded spirit's anguish
Will men or angels heal?
So desperate my condition,
I only can confide
In that divine Physician,
Who for his patients died.

4 His death the sinner raises ;
With his own love reveal'd,
My mouth is filled with praises,
My heart with joy is fill'd :
A blessed man forgiven,
A sav'd, regenerate soul,
I go in peace to heaven,
When faith hath made me whole.

HYMN 90.

C. M. D.

1 No more amus'd by earthly things,
Or worldly vanity ;
Father, my troubled spirit brings
Its last distress to Thee :

- Spare me, a little longer spare,
In feeble age I cry,
Thou God, who hear'st the faintest prayer,
And all my sins pass by.
- 2 For this alone I wish to live,
That I thy love may feel;
Thy power a sinner to forgive,
And all my sickness heal:
To live, till I my strength regain,
Original, divine;
Thy favour forfeited obtain,
And in thine image shine.
- 3 This only blessing I implore,
The Gift unspeakable:
The Spirit of life and health and power,
The Witness, Pledge, and Seal:
Nought differing from a servant I,
Till Thou thy Spirit impart,
And hear him Abba Father cry,
In my poor broken heart.
- 4 Him as a Spirit of binding fear,
Thou hast on me bestow'd;
Sure token of redemption near,
With Jesu's sprinkled blood:
The blessed hope lifts up my head,
While in thy Spirit I groan,
And call out of the deep, and plead
The passion of thy Son.
- 5 What Jesu's blood for me did buy
May I not humbly claim?
Thou canst not, Lord, my suit deny,
Who ask in Jesu's name:
I ask what He hath made my right,
A pardon full and free;
And if thou dost in him delight,
Thou art well-pleas'd with me.

6 Me, me, for his dear sake alone,
Into thine arms receive ;
And let me feel the peace unknown,
And consciously believe :
By holy confidence divine,
Made ready to depart ;
I then my spotless soul resign,
And see Thee as Thou art.

HYMN 91.

C. M. D.

- 1 LET the redeem'd give thanks and praise
To a forgiving God ;
My feeble voice I cannot raise,
Till wash'd in Jesu's blood ;
Till at thy coming from above,
My mountain-sins depart ;
And fear gives place to filial love,
And peace o'erflows my heart.
- 2 The peace which man can ne'er conceive,
The love and joy unknown,
Wilt thou not to thy servant give,
And claim me for thy own ;
My God in Jesus pacified,
My God, thyself declare ;
And draw me to his open side,
And plunge the sinner there ?
- 3 Prisoner of hope, I still attend
The' appearance of my Lord,
These endless doubts and sins to end,
And speak my soul restor'd ;
Restor'd by reconciling grace ;
With present pardon bless'd ;
And fitted by true holiness
For my eternal rest.

- 4 Yet, ah! my troubled spirit knows
 Its own infirmities :
 Till God on me his Son bestows,
 I cannot die in peace :
 A stranger to the' atoning God,
 Who did our world redeem ;
 Unless he wash me in his blood,
 I have no part with Him.
- 5 But wilt thou not the balm apply,
 The purchas'd blessing give ?
 Thou didst for every sinner die,
 That all mankind may live ;
 That I thy pardoning love may taste,
 May live on earth forgiven,
 And in thy mercy's arms embrac'd,
 Return with thee to heaven.

HYMN 92.

L. M. D.

- 1 GOD of my life, preserv'd by grace,
 Like Moses' bush amidst the fire,
 Teach me to count aright my days,
 With wisdom pure my heart inspire ;
 That busied with the one concern,
 I may my remnant life employ,
 Thy meek humility to learn,
 And enter thy celestial joy.
- 2 In number, as my days decrease,
 In value, Lord, I know they rise,
 And every moment makes them less,
 And brings me nearer to the skies :
 If taught my talents to improve,
 My hours I on account receive ;
 And live to win thy precious love,
 And only for thy glory live.

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- 3 Thy Spirit now, if thou infuse,
 My latter end I wisely weigh ;
 No more the' important moments lose,
 No more neglect to watch and pray :
 Stirr'd up to seek the God unknown,
 My soul awakes to righteousness ;
 And strives, and pants, and wrestles on,
 For power to live and die in peace.
- 4 This instant now I cease from sin,
 This instant now I turn to Thee ;
 And trust thy blood to make me clean
 From all, from all impurity :
 The current of thy powerful blood,
 Shall all my mountain-sins remove ;
 Wash off, wash out my nature's load,
 And waft me to the port above.

HYMN 93.

8 lines, 7s & 6s.

- 1 MOST sensibly declining,
 Born to resign my breath,
 Why should I live repining
 At the approach of death ?
 In peevish lamentation
 For life I cannot cry ;
 Appointed to salvation,
 And joys that never die.
- 2 O were that point secured,
 My sorrows all would cease :
 O were my soul assured
 Of everlasting peace !
 Saviour, I want the witness
 Of my felicity ;
 And languish for that meetness
 To share a throne with thee.
- 3 Thy Spirit's attestation,
 Added, O God, to mine,

Must be the confirmation
That I am truly thine :
With faith and love inspire
Thy Spirit into my heart,
And let the Sanctifier
Dispose me to depart.

4 Thy manifested favour
Better than life I feel,
When conscious that my Saviour
Doth in his servant dwell :
The rapturous sensation
Restores my paradise ;
Prepares for my translation,
And wafts me to the skies.

5 Come, then, my hope of glory,
My unprecarious peace,
My joy untransitory,
My perfect Righteousness ;
The kingdom of thy Spirit,
Establish, Lord, in me ;
And take me up to' inherit
My heaven of heavens in thee.

HYMN 94.

8s & 7s.

- 1 WEARY of this daily dying,
Crush'd with my own misery ;
Lord, thou hear'st thy creature crying
After real life in thee :
Friend of helpless sinners, ease me,
By thy last distressful cries ;
By thy mortal pangs release me
From the death that never dies.
- 2 Guilt my troubled spirit harrows ;
Gives to death his dread array ;
Points his sting, and wings his arrows ;
Arms him with his power to slay :

Only thy tremendous passion
 Can my fears and sins control ;
 Save from endless condemnation,
 Pacify my ransom'd soul.

- 3 O might that revealing Spirit
 Take of thine, and show to me ;
 Show thy all-redeeming merit,
 Thy eternal Deity :
 While beneath my burthen groaning,
 I my unbelief confess ;
 Show my heart the blood atoning,
 Bid me then depart in peace.

HYMN 95.

8 lines, 7s & 6s.

- 1 WITH sin and grief beginning,
 Must I with sorrow end
 A wretched life, and sinning,
 Into the grave descend ?
 Will mercy's arms receive me,
 When all my woes are past ?
 Or God refuse to give me
 Pardon and peace at last ?

- 2 No longer I endeavour
 Myself to justify ;
 Convinc'd my Maker's favour
 I cannot, cannot buy :
 No deeds or tempers virtuous,
 Have I wherein to trust :
 If Love will lose his purchase,
 I am for ever lost.

- 3 But is there no salvation,
 For sinners lost as me ?
 But is there no compassion
 In Him who stain'd the tree ?

Jesus, thou cam'st from heaven,
And pour'dst out all thy blood,
That I might die forgiven,
Might share the throne of God.

- 4 Soon as thy passion tells me,
Hope in my end there is,
Soon as thy Spirit seals me
An heir of endless bliss ;
The kingdom to inherit,
I would with joy resign
My disembodied spirit,
Into the hands Divine.

HYMN 96. *8 lines, 7s & 6s.*

- 1 BENDING beneath the burthen
Of sinful misery,
I wait to feel the pardon
Thy blood procur'd for me :
Giver of life unceasing,
Thine aged servant own ;
And bless me with the blessing,
The heaven on earth begun.
- 2 Death I no more desire,
By countless woes oppress'd ;
Do thou my soul require,
Whene'er thou know'st it best :
Sooner, O God, or later,
My soul from earth remove ;
But first impart thy nature,
And change me into love.

HYMN 97. *8 lines, 7s & 6s.*

- 1 FATHER, thy gracious warning
I thankfully receive,
And to thy arms returning,
Prepare with thee to live :

Thy prisoner to unshackle,
 Soon as the angels come,
 I quit this tabernacle,
 For my celestial home.

2 What is that preparation
 For fellowship with thee,
 For final, full salvation,
 But faith and purity?
 The dire hand-writing blotted,
 The peace and life of God;
 The holiness unspotted,
 Which comes with Jesu's blood!

3 Its virtue sanctifying,
 O might I thoroughly know;
 And on his death relying,
 To life eternal go!
 Father, send forth his Spirit,
 Into my hallow'd heart;
 And meet thy throne to' inherit,
 Meet am I to depart.

4 My head with Jesu's bending,
 On his great sacrifice
 I rest my soul, ascending
 To joy that never dies;
 With Jesu's resignation,
 With Jesu's perfect love,
 I finish my oblation,
 And take my seat above.

HYMN 98.

6 lines 8s.

Prayers for a Sick Child.

1 RIGHTEOUS, O God, are all thy ways,
 A sinful still-afflicted man;
 The cause, I mournfully confess,
 And bleeding with another's pain;

And justly punish'd in my son,
I cry, Thy awful will be done!

- 2 The cause in its effect I find;
My sin in its chastisement read:
Thy judgments bring my sin to mind,
And *guilty of his death*, I plead;
If justice now demand its prey,
And thou art come, my son to slay.
- 3 Less than thy least of mercies, I
Have mercies numberless abus'd;
Worthy a thousand deaths to die,
Who life, eternal life, refus'd:
Provok'd by vile idolatry,
And lov'd thy creature more than Thee.
- 4 Wherefore thy righteousness I own,
If thou the forfeiture require;
If now I hear his latest groan,
And while I see my child expire,
The sorrow break my aching heart;
The sight my soul and body part.
- 5 Yet spare him, for His only sake,
Who never sinn'd against thy love;
And from the gate of death bring back,
In honour of my Friend above;
Who offers up the sinner's prayer;
Whose blood beseeches thee to spare.
- 6 God of unfathomable grace,
Whom now I in the dust adore;
Omnipotent the dead to raise,
Display the wonders of thy power:
And kindly give me back my son,
To' exalt, and glorify thine own.

HYMN 99.

8 lines, 7s & 6s.

- 1 THOU God, who hear'st the prayer
Of supplicants distress'd ;
With pity mark the care,
In a sad parent's breast :
I cannot, Lord, dissemble ;
But all my weakness own :
Thou knowst for whom I tremble,—
My son, my only son !
- 2 Thou gav'st on this condition,
That I should ready be,
To bow with meek submission,
And yield him back to Thee :
To all thy dispensations,
I would, I would submit ;
And weep with humble patience,
And tremble at thy feet.
- 3 I must, I do restore,
If Thou revoke thy loan ;
And silently adore,
Or sigh, Thy will be done :
To Thee, his great Creator,
I with my Isaac part :
But O, Thou know'st my nature ;
Thou read'st a father's heart.
- 4 My bowels of compassion,
Thou dost vouchsafe to feel ;
With vehement deprecation,
While nature's wish I tell :
Ah, do not yet receive him,
To that celestial choir ;
But hasten to relieve him,
Before my son expire.
- 5 This sorrowful petition,
Obtain'd thy gracious ear,

When our Divine Physician,
 Thou didst on earth appear:
 And still I sue for favour,
 And still invoke thy name;
 Jesus, my present Saviour,
 Eternally the same.

- 6 Bidden, in time of trouble,
 For help to call on Thee;
 Lord, I my suit redoutble,
 Till thy design I see:
 I never will give over
 My passionate request,
 Till Thou the child recover,
 Or take him to thy breast.

HYMN 100.

L. M.

- 1 FATHER, thy froward children spare,
 Who tempt Thee by our daily prayer;
 And while we say, Thy will be done,
 Alas, we only mean our own.
- 2 Yet now permit the sad request,
 Of parents for their son distress'd;
 Nature's infirmity forgive,
 If still we ask that he may live.
- 3 Prostrate before thy mercy seat,
 We ask; but would our will submit,
 Whene'er thy sovereign will remove
 The child, whom next to Thee we love.
- 4 We would our earthly bliss resign,
 Bestow'd, revok'd, by grace divine;
 (If call'd with more than life to part,)
 And tear him from our bleeding heart.
- 5 But O, before the fix'd decree
 Bring forth, may we not cry to Thee;
 E 5

Our weakness and reluctance own,
And for the faith of Abraham groan?

- 6 We want our wishes to suspend,
On thy decisive word to' attend;
Our wishes at thy feet we lay,
And calmly weep, and humbly pray.
- 7 Yet shall we, Lord, our hearts disguise,
Or hide from thy all-seeing eyes?
Our hearts, till we thy counsel know,
Will deprecate the threaten'd blow.
- 8 Joy of our eyes, our heart's desire,
Ah, do not now our child require:
Or, taking whom thy mercy gave,
Indulge *us* with a common grave.
- 9 There, let our mingled ashes lie;
Where no forlorn survivors sigh;
Where none their ravish'd joys deplore,
And Rachel weeps her loss no more.
- 10 There,—but we know not what to say;
Father, aright we cannot pray;
But Jesus reads the troubled breast;
O let his bowels speak the rest!

HYMN 101.

8s & 6s.

- 1 SAVIOUR, till Thou declare thy will,
Thy providential mind reveal,
And charge us to submit;
May we not humbly persevere,
In pleading for a life so dear,
In weeping at thy feet?
- 2 Foolish and blind to what is best,
We urge, yet check, our fond request;
With resignation cry:

Save him,—the vessel of thy grace;
Save him,—and for thy glory raise,
While at the point to die.

3 Thou didst not blame the father's prayer,
Beseeching Thee his son to spare,
Just gasping out his breath:
Thy mercy hasten'd to his aid;
Thy love the parting Spirit stay'd,
And rescued him from death.

4 Another in distress and pain,
Did he apply to Thee in vain;
In vain for succour groan?
Thy pity felt thy creature's grief,
Remov'd his helpless unbelief,
And gave him back his son.

5 Thou couldst not, Lord, thy help deny,
Regardless of a mother's cry,
For her own child oppress'd;
With pleasing importunity,
She wrestled, and obtain'd of Thee,
Her violent request.

6 Thy mercy, evermore the same,
For *our* afflicted child we claim;
Whose dying weight we bear:
Unanswer'd still our suit repeat;
And cry for mercy at thy feet,
In agony of prayer.

7 Thou dost not yet relief afford,
Or speak one comfortable word,
In our extreme distress:
As seeming to condemn our fears,
And frown in silence at our tears,
And hide thy angry face.

- 8 Answer, thou suffering Son of man,
May we not patiently complain,
And feel our threaten'd loss ;
Under so huge a burthen stoop,
Or deprecate the bitter cup,
Or faint beneath the cross ?
- 9 Thy mild humanity divine,
Shall help us meekly to resign,
If Thou resume thine own :
We trust, in that tremendous hour,
To say, through love's almighty power,
Thy sovereign will be done.
- 10 But if our cry hath reach'd thy heart ;
If still the Man of Griets thou art,
The Friend of misery ;
Thou wilt restore our hearts' desire,
With strength to give thee back entire,
A sacrifice to Thee.

HYMN 102.

7s.

- 1 LOVE Divine, the' afflicted see,
Mov'd with our infirmity ;
Once Thyself a Man of grief,
Hasten, Lord, to our relief.
- 2 Mindful of thy suffering days,
Now as then replete with grace,
Good Physician, bow the skies ;
Come, before our infant dies.
- 3 Present in thy balmy power,
Thou canst suddenly restore ;
By a word the dying save ;
Speak, and snatch him from the grave.
- 4 Touching this we both agree,
If thy blessed will it be,

Now the burning fever chide,
Turn the dart of death aside.

- 5 If Thou dost our sorrows share,
Children in thy bosom bear;
Help an innocent oppress'd,
Give to thy beloved rest.
- 6 While we yet invoke thy name,
Quench the life-devouring flame;
While we a sad vigil keep,
Grant him in thy arms to sleep.
- 7 Thou his feebleness sustain;
Pity, and assuage his pain;
Thou, whose tender mercies are
Kinder than a father's care.
- 8 Listening to his plaintive moan,
Make his every grief thine own;
Thou, whose yearning bowels move,
Softer than a mother's love.
- 9 Need we then prescribe to Thee,
Cloth'd with our humanity?
Succour with impatience crave,
Urge salvation's self to save?
- 10 No; we have our suit made known;
Now let all thy will be done:
Do whate'er thy Spirit requests;
Do whate'er thy heart suggests.

HYMN 103.

6 lines 8s.

Thanksgiving for his Recovery.

- 1 WHO is so great a God as ours,
So near with his redeeming powers;

So ready at his creature's cry,
To send deliverance from the sky;
To turn aside the ills we dread,
And all our largest hopes exceed?

2 Thou dost, in answer to our prayer,
A death-devoted victim spare :
Thou hast not, Lord, in wrath remov'd
A child, too tenderly belov'd;
But still thine eye with pity sees,
His parents' life wrapt up in his.

3 Thy pity heard our softest tears,
And scatter'd all our griefs and fears :
The means thy mercy sanctified,
The balmy help thy love supplied ;
And gives our joyful hearts to own,
Thou dost the work, and Thou alone.

4 Our Isaac, on the altar laid,
Receiving back as from the dead,
We offer up at Mercy's shrine,
A living sacrifice divine :
And let him live, to health restor'd,
The servant of his quick'ning Lord.

5 Saviour, inspire him with thy grace,
From now to run the Christian race;
From now to seek the things above,
And pant for his Redeemer's love ;
Till thou the heavenly bliss impart,
And spread thy kingdom through his heart.

6 Long may he live to serve thy will,
With humble, persevering zeal ;
To recompense our tenderest tears,
The stay of our declining years ;
And close his happy parents' eyes,
And trace us then to paradise.

HYMN 104.

C. M. D.

Another.

- 1 JESUS, our refuge in distress,
Our Helper hitherto,
We now with joyful hearts confess,
That Thou art good and true :
Through importunity of prayer,
We have the blessing won ;
And Thee, in songs of praise declare,
The Healer of our son.
- 2 Thou didst in tender mercy look
On our fond hearts' desire ;
The fever, check'd by thy rebuke,
Did at thy touch retire :
The glory, Lord, to Thee alone,
Not to the means, we give ;
Thyself the saving work hast done,
And by thy love we live.
- 3 The living, they thy love shall praise,
The living, they shall sing
The God and Giver of all grace,
Our Saviour, Friend, and King :
Our Isaac too, to health restor'd,
Shall the thanksgiving join ;
And live to magnify his Lord,
His Ransomer Divine.
- 4 O that Thou would'st thy power exert,
The gracious wonder do ;
Put the new song into his heart,
The song for ever new !
Now let thy brooding Spirit move
On his awakening soul ;
Infuse the principle of love,
And make the sinner whole.

- 2 Better than life thy favour is,
Be it on him bestow'd ;
We only ask'd his life for this,
That he may live for God :
Wholly devoted to thy will,
May run his Christian race,
And all his work on earth fulfil,
And then behold thy face.

HYMN 105. 6 lines 8s.

For a Sick Child Relapsed.

- 1 To whom should I in grief complain,
To whom for help in trouble fly ?
Nature hath took the' alarm again,
Touch'd is the apple of mine eye :
His danger with my fears return,
And, stricken in the child, I mourn.
- 2 Thou God of unexhausted grace,
Thou Father of compassion, hear ;
And while I humbly seek thy face,
Thyself in my behalf appear :
Forgive the sin thy pity sees,
Forgive, and bid me go in peace.
- 3 Why should my faltering tongue disown
The weakness of my fluttering heart ?
Thou read'st it in the stifled groan,
The fond regret, the lingering smart :
My fears and flowing sorrows tell,
I lov'd the child, alas ! too well.
- 4 Child of my age, so late bestow'd,
So lovely in a father's sight ;
So kindly promising for God ;
My comfort, joy, and whole delight :
For him I seem'd to live in pain,
And track'd my steps to earth again.

- 5 My sin reluctant to confess :
But how shall I my sin forsake ;
Put off a father's tenderness,
Pluck out my eyes, and give him back ?
I cannot yield my son to Thee,
Till Thou bestow thine own on me.

HYMN 106.

7s & 6s.

- 1 WHEREWITHAL shall I appear
Before the righteous Lord ;
How appease the Judge severe,
Who whets his glittering sword ?
For my soul's offence to' atone,
Shall I my body's offspring give ;
Offering up my only son
To die, that I may live ?
- 2 Mine, alas, can never pay
The debt I owe to God ;
Turn the' Almighty's wrath away,
Or quench with all his blood :
But in whom Thou art well-pleas'd,
Father, thy Son himself hath died ;
By his death thy wrath appeas'd,
Thy justice satisfied.
- 3 Suffering in the sinner's place,
He purchas'd life for me ;
Pardon, plenitude of grace,
And all I ask from Thee :
All the benefits I claim
Through Him Thou promisest to give ;
Lord, I ask in Jesu's name,
My dying child may live.
- 4 This I ask with strong desire,
Expecting to receive :
Do not now the soul require,
Thou dost so oft relieve :

Kindly lengthen out his span,
And bid him rise redeem'd, restor'd;
Rise a righteous, godlike man,
An image of his Lord.

HYMN 107.

7s.

For Sleep.

- 1 SLEEP, that soothingly restores
Weary nature's wasted powers;
Gift of an indulgent God,
Be it on our child bestow'd.
- 2 Jesus, Lord, we cry to Thee,
Friend of helpless infancy;
Now the sufferer's grief suspend,
Now the balmy blessing send.
- 3 In the arms of faith and prayer,
Whom to thee we humbly bear,
Safe in thy protection keep;
Let him on thy bosom sleep.
- 4 Touch'd thyself with human pain,
Sympathizing Son of Man,
Ease the anguish of his breast;
Lull him in thy arms to rest.
- 5 Object of thy dearest love,
Hide his precious life above:
Precious in the sight of God;
Dearly bought with all thy blood.
- 6 Him we to thy grace commend,
Confident Thou wilt defend,
Till the answer'd prayer is seal'd;
Till the child of faith is heal'd.

HYMN 108. 8s & 6s.

On his Recovery.

- 1 SAVIOUR, Thou hast deliverance sent;
Thou hast a little longer lent,
Whom I receiv'd from Thee :
I see thy healing work begun ;
My age's prop, my only son,
Restor'd to life I see.
- 2 With thankful heart I ask for more :
Go on to manifest thy power ;
Thy mercy's full design :
Strength to the faint and feeble give ;
And let him for thy glory live,
In soul and body thine.
- 3 Why would my prayer detain him here,
But that he may with lowly fear,
Grow up to serve his Lord ?
A witness for his Saviour rise ;
Proclaim thy kingdom from the skies,
And minister thy word ?
- 4 But shall my will prescribe to Thee ?
Or is thine absolute decree
Inclin'd by human prayer ?
Thy works are all to thee foreknown ;
Thy will, thy sovereign will alone,
Elects a minister.
- 5 Yet as thy own command requires,
I tell thee all my heart's desires ;
For him thy grace implore :
Let Ishmael in thy presence live,
Isaac's inheritance receive,
And Abraham's God adore.

- 6 On Sion's walls the watchman place,
 The free dispenser of thy grace,
 The steward wise and good :
 (If now thou hear'st thy Spirit's cry,)
 Thee let him rise to testify,
 And pardon in thy blood.
- 7 Thou know'st thy pleading Spirit's will ;
 In my accomplish'd wish fulfil
 Thy own supreme design :
 My son into thy service take,
 Fit for his Master's use, and make
 An instrument divine.
- 8 When I from all my labours rest,
 Be mindful, Lord, of this request,
 For my surviving son :
 Into thy mercy's arms I cast,
 And trust thy love to hold him fast,
 Till all his work be done.

HYMN 109.

8 lines, 7s & 6s.

- 1 O MIGHT he live before Thee,
 My well-beloved son ;
 With tender fear adore Thee,
 His God while yet unknown !
 Thine eye of mercy guide him
 Into the land of rest ;
 And let no ill betide him,
 By his Creator bless'd.
- 2 That from his kind Creator
 He never may depart ;
 Keep in the state of nature,
 His inexperience'd heart :
 Unconquer'd by temptation,
 By Satan unbeguil'd ;
 From each alluring passion,
 Preserve my giddy child.

- 3 The unsuspicious stranger
 To our malignant race,
 From every hidden danger
 Deliver by thy grace;
 From popular infection,
 From every great offence,
 Thy love be the protection
 Of thoughtless innocence.
- 4 Prevent, restrain, attend him,
 Through a wide world of ill,
 Till thou call forth and send him
 To do thy blessed will:
 By thy predestination,
 The heavenly seed to sow,
 And minister salvation,
 And serve thy saints below.

HYMN 110.

7s & 4s.

Hymn for a Child on his Birth-day.

- 1 GREAT Author of my being,
 Thankful I bow before thee;
 Thine own I am,
 From whom I came,
 And all my powers adore thee:
 I triumph in existence,
 Enjoy my Maker's favour;
 Created I
 To glorify,
 And love my God for ever.
- 2 While all that breathe acknowledge
 Their merciful Creator;
 O God of grace,
 Accept the praise
 Of universal nature:

And let us with our Father .
 Adore the Son and Spirit ;
 Through whom we rise
 Beyond the skies,
 And heavenly joys inherit,

HYMN 111.

L. M. D.

A Father's Prayer for his Son.

- 1 GOD of my thoughtless infancy,
 My giddy youth and riper age;
 Pierc'd with thy love, I worship Thee,
 My God, my Guide through every stage:
 From countless sins, and griefs, and snares,
 Preserv'd, thy guardian hand I own;
 And borne and sav'd to hoary hairs,
 Ask the same mercy for my son.
- 2 Not yet by the commandment slain,
 O may he uncorrupted live;
 His simple innocence retain,
 And dread an unknown God to grieve:
 Restrain'd, prevented by thy love,
 Give him the evil to refuse;
 And feel thy drawings from above,
 And good, and life, and virtue choose.
- 3 When near the slippery paths of vice,
 With heedless steps he runs secure;
 Preserve the favourite of the skies,
 And keep his life and conscience pure:
 Shorten his time for childish play;
 From youthful lusts and passions screen;
 Nor leave him in the wilds to stray,
 Of pleasure, vanity, and sin.
- 4 Soon may the all-inspiring Dove,
 With brooding wings his soul o'erspread;
 The hidden principle of love,
 The pure, incorruptible seed,

Hasten into his heart to sow ;
 And when the word of power takes place,
 Let every blossom knit and grow,
 And ripen into perfect grace.

HYMN 112.

8s & 6s.

On going to a new Habitation.

- 1 WEARY, why should I farther go,
 Or seek a resting-place below,
 With vain anxiety ?
 Without the presence of my Lord,
 This earth can no repose afford,
 Or glimpse of joy for me.
- 2 Weeping where'er mine eye I turn,
 Fresh cause to weep, lament, and mourn,
 Mine eye with horror sees ;
 Nothing but sin and pain appears
 In all the dreary vale of tears,
 The frightful wilderness.
- 3 My paradise is lost and gone ;
 Distress'd, disconsolate, alone,
 A banish'd man, I rove :
 I faint beneath my nature's load,
 An alien from the life of God,
 A stranger to his love.
- 4 What, then, is change of place to me ?
 The end of sin and misery,
 In every place is nigh :
 No spot of earth but yields a grave :
 Where'er he wills, if Jesus save,
 I lay me down and die.

HYMN 113.

8s & 6s.

- 1 O THAT I first of love possess'd,
With my Redeemer's presence bless'd,
Might his salvation see !
Before thou dost my soul require,
Allow me, Lord, my heart's desire,
And show thyself to me.
- 2 Appear, my Sanctuary from sin :
Open thine arms to take me in ;
By thy own presence hide :
Hide in the place where Moses stood,
And show me now the face of God,
My Father pacified.
- 3 What but thy manifested grace,
Can guilt, and fear, and sorrow chase,
The cause of grief destroy ?
Thy mercy brings salvation sure,
Makes all my heart and nature pure,
And fills with hallow'd joy.
- 4 Come quickly, Lord, the veil remove !
Pass as a God of pardoning love
Before my ravish'd eyes :
And when I in thy person see
Jehovah's glorious Majesty,
I find my paradise.
- 5 Then, then, my wandering toil is o'er,
Restless I sigh and pine no more
For local happiness :
Confident in thy blood applied,
Mine inmost soul is satisfied
With everlasting peace.

- 6 Then, then where'er thy will below
 Assign my lot, with thee I go,
 A happy man forgiven :
 I know my God is reconcil'd,
 Regain my Eden in the wild,
 And glide from earth to heaven.

HYMN 114.

S. M. D.

- 1 THE Son of Man supplies
 My every outward need,
 Who had not, when he left the skies,
 A place to lay his head :
 He will provide my place,
 And in due season show,
 Where I shall pass my few sad days
 Of pilgrimage below.
- 2 No matter where or how
 I in this desert live ;
 If, when my dying head I bow,
 Jesus my soul receive :
 Bless'd with thy precious love,
 Saviour, 'tis all my care
 To reach the purchas'd house above,
 And find a mansion there.
- 3 An house with hands not made,
 Hast thou not bought for me ?
 The full stupendous price was paid
 In blood, on yonder tree !
 But e'er Thou call me hence,
 Lord, with thyself impart
 The pledge of mine inheritance,
 And fill my loving heart.
- 4 An heir of endless bliss,
 Now in a tent I dwell,
 F

Till Thou my spotless soul dismiss
To joys unspeakable:
Till Thou in that glad day,
Make all thy glories known;
And to the heavenly house convey,
And bid me share thy throne.

HYMN 115.

S. M. D.

- 1 JESUS, my faithful Guide,
For thy advice I stay,
Who wilt not let me wander wide
Of thy appointed way:
Till thou reveal thy will,
In calm uncertainty
I know not what to do, but still
Mine eyes are fix'd on Thee.
- 2 Till thou direction send,
Delightfully resign'd,
I mark the openings, and attend
The tokens of thy mind:
What thou wouldst have me do,
By plainest signs to prove,
I wait; and step by step, pursue
The leadings of thy love.
- 3 Saviour, I would not take
One step in life alone;
Or dare the smallest motion make,
Without thy counsel known:
Thee, I my Lord confess,
In every thing I see;
And Thou, by thine unerring grace,
Shalt order all for me.
- 4 Surely thou wilt provide
The place thou know'st I need;
The solitary place to hide
Thy hoary servant's head;

Where a few moments more
 Expecting my release,
 I may my father's God adore,
 And then depart in peace.

HYMN 116.

S. M. D.

- 1 WHAT matters it to me,
 When a few days are past,
 Where I shall end my misery,
 Where I shall breathe my last?
 The meanest house or cot
 The hoary hairs may screen,
 Of one who would be clean forgot,
 And live and die unseen.
- 2 Expos'd I long have been,
 In this bleak vale of tears ;
 Midst scenes of vanity and sin,
 Consum'd my threescore years :
 I turn my face aside,
 Sick of beholding more,
 And wish the latest storm to' outride,
 And reach the happy shore.
- 3 As dead already here,
 Without desire or hope ;
 Till from this earth I disappear,
 I give the creature up :
 In temporal despair,
 Contentedly abide,
 And in my flesh the tokens bear,
 Of Jesus crucified.
- 4 A prisoner of the Lord,
 Where He appoints I wait ;
 Of age to be renew'd, restor'd
 To my unsinning state :

My only want I feel,
 Jesus, my peace to know ;
 In Him to live, in Him to dwell,
 And die to all below.

5 Jesus, my Hope, my Rest,
 This load of sin remove ;
 Thy name, thy nature manifest,
 In purity and love :
 And when, in knowing Thee,
 The heavenly life I live,
 Set my imprison'd spirit free,
 And to thyself receive.

HYMN 117. 8s & 6s.

- 1 GIVER of every useful gift,
 My thankful heart to Thee I lift ;
 Who hast a cottage given,
 To lodge a poor way-faring man,
 Till I my long-sought country gain,
 And find my house in heaven.
- 2 Indulg'd with an obscure retreat,
 Ah, never leave me to forget,
 That this is not my home :
 A sojourner and stranger still,
 I suffer and perform thy will,
 Till my Redeemer come.
- 3 I seek not my repose below,
 If long a man of strife and woe,
 I to the desert fly :
 If Thou a moment's respite give,
 Thou know'st, I come not here to live,
 I only come to die.
- 4 Author of godly sorrow, meet,
 And suffer me to kiss thy feet,
 And bathe them with my tears ;

My sins, though pardon'd, to bewail,
Till thou release me from the vale,
And life in death appears.

5 The broken, contrite spirit give,
And lo, I come to weep and grieve,
And long for my remove ;
I gasp to breathe my native air,
When once enabled to declare,
Thou know'st that Thee I love.

6 Ah, take me, Saviour, at my word ;
Pronounce me now to peace restor'd,
To purity of heart ;
Snatch from this soothing solitude,
My soul in spotless love renew'd,
And bid me now depart.

HYMN 118.

L. M. D.

For a Woman in the beginning of her Travail.

1 JESUS, the Woman's conquering Seed,
Who didst our world of sorrows bear,
Stand by me in my greatest need,
And now accept my plaintive prayer ;
The painful curse entail'd by Eve
On me, on all the weaker kind,
O may I patiently receive,
And turn'd into a blessing find.

2 Thou hast redeem'd in troubles past,
A soul that did on Thee rely ;
And still I hold the promise fast,
And still expect salvation nigh :
I trust, that as my pangs increase,
Thou wilt my fainting spirit revive ;
And nearest in my last distress,
Thy most abundant comforts give.

- 3 O'erwhelm'd at times with chilling fears,
 Thou dost not leave me without hope ;
 Thy secret power and presence cheers,
 And lifts my sinking nature up :
 Again thy gracious strength I own,
 Display'd in man's infirmity :
 And never did thy Spirit groan
 For help in one so weak as me !

HYMN 119.

7s & 6s.

For the same in Travail.

- 1 JESUS, Son of Mary, hear
 Our help-imploring cry ;
 Lord of life and death appear,
 With thy salvation nigh :
 God of grace and boundless power,
 And never-failing faithfulness,
 Bring her through the torturing hour,
 And bid her live in peace.
- 2 Caught as in the toils of hell,
 Thine own with pity see :
 Nature's strength and spirits fail,
 If unrenew'd by Thee :
 E'er the grizly king devour,
 Our Refuge in extreme distress,
 Bring her through the torturing hour,
 And bid her live in peace.
- 3 By the travail of thy soul,
 Thy more than mortal pain,
 All her fears of death control,
 Her fainting heart sustain :
 Streams of consolation shower
 On one thy love delights to bless ;
 Bring her through the torturing hour,
 And bid her live in peace.

- 4 Bid her live in peace divine,
In holiness and love;
Witnessing that power of thine,
Which hides her life above :
Speak the direful conflict o'er,
Thou God, whose mercies never cease;
Now conclude the torturing hour,
And bid her live in peace.

HYMN 120.

10s.

After her Delivery.

- 1 THEE, faithful and true,
O Jesus, we praise;
Omnipotent too,
And plenteous in grace :
Of life the kind Giver,
Thy goodness we prove,
Which loves to deliver
Who hang on thy love.
- 2 Brought through the dread hour,
And torturing fires,
The proof of thy power
And mercy respires :
The promise declaring,
Thy truth she receives ;
And, sav'd in child-bearing,
Thy confessor lives.
- 3 She lives to extol
Thy wonderful name;
And invoke all,
Her Lord to proclaim ;
To sing of her Saviour
And Lover divine,
And rest in thy favour,
Eternally thine.

HYMN 121.

7s.

Another.

- 1 THEE, our strength and righteousness,
Jesus, we with joy confess :
Mighty to redeem from death,
Thou hast spread thine arms beneath ;
Kept her till the hour was past ;
Scarcely sav'd,—yet sav'd at last.
- 2 Mighty to redeem from pain,
Turn, and visit her again :
Till thy breath again revives,
In the shade of death she lives ;
In extreme infirmity,
Dying still for want of Thee.
- 3 Make her, Lord, thy constant care ;
In thy loving bosom bear ;
Mov'd by our continu'd cry,
Thy balsamic blood apply ;
Nature's sinking powers restore,
Give her life for evermore.
- 4 While Thou dost her soul renew,
Quicken her frail body too :
While she hangs in even scale,
Let the prayer of faith prevail ;
Present in thy power to heal,
On her heart the answer seal.

HYMN 122.

2-6s & 4-7s.

- 1 LET the redeem'd by grace,
Their kind Redeemer praise :
Ransom'd from the gaping grave,
Jesus hid my life above ;
Ready was my Lord to save
The dear object of his love.

- 2 Pluck'd from the jaws of death,
Saviour, thy praise I breathe:
Pledge of greater mercies still,
This deliverance I receive;
Live to' experience all thy will,
Only for thy glory live.
- 3 Thy healing work begun,
Wilt Thou not carry on:
Nature's wasted strength repair;
Clothe my flesh with vigour new;
That I may thy power declare,
Testify that Thou art true?
- 4 But most I long to prove
The sweetness of thy love:
Filial love for servile fear,
Shed it in my heart abroad;
Now, as slain for me, appear,
Show thyself the pardoning God.
- 5 Incapable of rest
Till of thy love possess'd;
Comforted I cannot be,
Till Thou dost the grace bestow,
Wrestling in thy strength with Thee,
Weakness will not let Thee go.
- 6 Reserv'd for this alone,
To know as I am known:
Come, with thy salvation, Lord,
Let my sins no longer part;
Speak the reconciling word,
Speak Thyself into my heart.

HYMN 123.

L. M. D.

For a Sick Child.

- 1 O FOOLISH, ignorant, and blind
To that thy wisdom hath design'd:
F 5

What shall I to my Father say,
Or how for a sick infant pray?
With pain he doth his life begin,
Who never copied Adam's sin;
Yet innocent, in plaintive groans,
The' original offence he owns.

2 May I not suffer his distress,
And ask my God his pain to ease?
Or, if it be thy gracious will,
My child, in season due, to heal;
May I not, till thy will appears,
Indulge these unrebelling tears;
My suit unblameable repeat,
And mourn, submissive, at thy feet?

3 Fountain of unexhausted love,
For ever streaming from above,
My nature's soft infirmity
I feel, a drop deriv'd from Thee!
And wilt Thou not accept thy own,
Mix'd with the sorrows of thy Son;
Exalted by that sacred flood,
And offer'd up through Jesu's blood?

4 For Jesu's sake my son retrieve,
And bid him for thy glory live;
Live to proclaim his Saviour's praise,
A herald of redeeming grace:
Of future good I ask a sign;
Now, Father, seal the vessel thine;
And let him serve his Lord alone,
And live, till all thy will be done.

HYMN 124.

8s & 6s.

1 JESUS, omnipotent to save
Both soul and body from the grave,
Thy saving power exert;

The outcast's Hope, the sinner's Friend,
With all thy balmy grace descend
Into a broken heart.

2 Thou must admit the sinner's plea,
And help his desperate misery,
Who feels himself undone ;
Who fears to lift his guilty eyes,
Or only by his silence cries
For mercy at thy throne.

3 Thy bowels melt at his distress,
Thy heart o'erflows with tenderness,
And for his sorrows bleeds ;
Thy Spirit of supplicating love,
One with his Advocate above,
In all the members pleads.

4 Mercy we ask in Jesu's name,
Mercy for a mere sinner claim ;
Mercy and Thou art one :
Nor canst Thou, Lord, Thyself deny,
While all the church for mercy cry,
And in thy Spirit groan.

5 Come, then, his life, his strength, his peace,
The prisoner let thy blood release,
Thy blood the patient heal ;
While prostrate at thy feet we pray,
Thy blood wash all his sins away,
And now his pardon seal.

6 This moment come, and touch his hand,
This moment, dearest Lord, command
The fever to depart ;
This moment let our faithful prayer
Thy answer to his conscience bear,
And reach his happy heart.

HYMN 125.

8s & 6s.

The Colliers' Hymn.

- 1 TEACHER, Friend of foolish sinners,
Take the praise Of thy grace,
From us young beginners :
Struck with loving admiration,
Hear us tell Of thy zeal
For our soul's salvation.
- 2 Foes to God, and unforgiven,
Once we were, Distant far,
Far as hell from heaven :
But we have through Thee found favour ;
Brought to God By thy blood,
O thou precious Saviour !
- 3 Thou hast, in the weak and feeble,
Power display'd ; Call'd and made
Us thy favourite people :
Us, the vulgar and obscure,
Thou dost own ; Us unknown,
Ignorant and poor.
- 4 Simple folk and undiscerning,
Nothing we Know but Thee ;
Love is all our learning :
We with loving hearts adore Thee ;
This our deep Scholarship,
This is all our glory.
- 5 Thou, we know, hast died to save us ;
We are thine, Love Divine,
Thou who bought'st shalt have us :
Taught and led by thy good Spirit,
We shall soon Share thy throne,
All thy joys inherit.
- 6 Here is knowledge rare, and hidden
From the wise, Who despise
All our inward Eden :

Thou to us the truth hast given ;
We in Thee, (Happy we !)
Know the way to heaven.

HYMN 126.

C. M. D.

The Young Man's Hymn.

- 1 How shall a young unstable man,
To evil prone like me,
His actions and his heart maintain
From all pollutions free ?
Thee, Lord, that I may not forsake,
Or ever turn aside,
Thy precepts for my rule I take,
Thy Spirit for my Guide.
- 2 Govern'd by the engrafted word,
And principled with grace,
I shall not yield to sin abhorr'd,
Or give to passion place :
From youthful lusts I still shall flee,
From all the paths of vice ;
My omnipresent Saviour see,
And walk before thine eyes.
- 3 Saviour, to me thy Spirit give,
That through his power I may
The word effectually believe,
And faithfully obey :
From every great transgression pure,
For all thy will prepar'd,
Thy servant to the end endure,
And gain the full reward.

HYMN 127.

7s.

The Maiden's Hymn.

- 1 HOLY Child, of heavenly birth,
God made man, and born on earth ;

Virgin's Son, impart to me
Thy unsullied purity.

2 In my pilgrimage below,
Only Thee I pant to know ;
Every creature I resign,
Thine, both soul and body, thine.

3 Fairer than the sons of men,
Over me thy sway maintain :
Perfect loveliness Thou art,
Take my undivided heart.

4 All my heart to Thee I give,
All thy holiness receive ;
Live, to make my Saviour known ;
Live, to please my God alone.

5 Free from low, distracting care,
For the happy day prepare ;
For the joys that never die,
For my Bridegroom in the sky.

6 Here betroth'd to Thee in love,
I shall see my Lord above ;
Lean on my Redeemer's breast,
In thy arms for ever rest.

HYMN 128.

8s & 6s.

For an Unconverted Husband.

1 SEARCHER of hearts, to Thee I fly,
In doubly deep distress apply
For help to Thee alone :
I want to feel thy pardoning love ;
I want my partner's heart to prove
That mystic peace unknown.

- 2 Thy goodness form'd and turn'd his mind;
Thou mad'st him generous, just, and kind :
Yet O, incarnate God,
Through Thee escap'd the gulf of vice,
In nature's deadly sleep he lies,
Nor pants to feel thy blood.
- 3 Thou know'st, if not a foe profess'd,
A stranger to thy cross, at rest
Without thy grace he lives ;
Thoughtless of death and judgment near,
His joy, his good, his portion here,
Contented he receives.
- 4 Saviour, his slumbering spirit call ;
Awake, upraise him from his fall,
And show the fountain nigh :
Ah, give him now himself to see,
To feel his need of faith and Thee,
And then his need supply.
- 5 Till he awakes I cannot rest ;
Or, bless'd myself, be singly bless'd,
To him so closely joined ;
Flesh of his flesh, bone of his bone ;
Thyself of twain hath made us one,
In will, and heart, and mind.
- 6 O might we one become in Thee ;
The great mysterious unity
Of sacred wedlock prove :
To Sion hand in hand repair,
And fitted for thy presence, share
The marriage-feast above.

HYMN 129. 6 lines 7s.

For a Persecuting Husband.

- 1 SAVIOUR, let thy will be done,
Calling me thy cross to bear :

- Thee, my heavenly Lord, I own,
Cast on Thee my mournful care :
By my bosom-friend distress'd,
In thy sovereign will I rest.
- 2 Persecution for thy sake,
Strengthen'd by thy grace to' endure,
No complaint to man I make ;
Find in God my refuge sure :
Confident thy pity hears,
Counts my supplicating tears.
- 3 Still mine eyes for him o'erflow,
Whom Thyself hast join'd to me :
Partner of my weal and woe,
Can I his destruction see ?
See his soul insensible,
Madly rushing down to hell ?
- 4 Summon'd to thy judgment-seat,
(Who the dreadful thought can bear !)
Must we in thy presence meet,
Meet, to part for ever there ?
Must he then receive his hire,
Curs'd into eternal fire ?
- 5 God of love, his doom prevent,
Lengthening out his gracious day ;
Give the rebel to relent ;
Force his stubborn heart to pray :
Pray Thyself, that he may live ;
Slay him first, and then forgive.
- 6 Let him now uncloset his eyes,
Turn'd from Satan's power to Thee ;
See the' atoning Sacrifice ;
Hear the blood that pleads for me ;
Pleads for both, that sav'd by grace,
Both may see thy glorious face.

HYMN 130.

C. M. D.

For an Unconverted Wife.

- 1 RESTORER of the sin-sick race,
Thy balmy power exert ;
And turn, by unresisted grace,
My dear companion's heart :
One flesh whom Thou hast made of two,
(For thy own nature's sake,
In proof that Thou art good and true,)
In Thee one spirit make.
- 2 In every hour of near access,
I bear her to the throne,
And wrestle on till Thou impress
On her thy name unknown :
An interest if in Thee I have,
And feel thy Spirit's life,
O let the faithful husband save
The unbelieving wife.
- 3 Instruct me, Saviour, when to yield,
With mitigated zeal ;
And when, by true affection steel'd,
To stand invincible :
Arm'd with the meekness of my Lord,
The wisdom from above,
Give me to win without the word,
And conquer her by love.
- 4 Thy boundless charity divine
Into my bosom breathe,
And gladly I my life resign,
To save her soul from death :
Give up my residue of days,
That she may live forgiven ;
And run with joy the Christian race,
And follow me to heaven.

HYMN 131.

6 lines 8s.

For an Undutiful Son.

- 1 FATHER of everlasting grace,
Who hast the prodigal forgiven,
Folded me in thy kind embrace,
And gladden'd all thy house in heaven ;
Again thy mercy's depths make known,
And save my poor rebellious son.
- 2 Far from thy family remov'd,
With eyes of soft compassion see
A soul, for Jesu's sake belov'd,
And look the wanderer back to Thee ;
Incline his stubborn heart to grieve,
And when he turns his face, forgive.
- 3 I cannot, Lord, of him despair,
Hoping myself for final bliss ;
Trusting in Jesu's blood and prayer,
That powerful Advocate of his ;
That only, sinless Son of thine,
Who asks eternal life for mine.
- 4 Faith echoes to his prayer above,
And reaches now thy pitying ear ;
The rebel shall thy mercy prove ;
Adorn'd in the best robe, appear ;
And see his heavenly Father's face,
And feast for ever on thy grace.

HYMN 132.

L. M. D.

For Unconverted Relations.

- 1 JESUS, I at thy throne appear,
For those who have not known thy grace ;
To me, alas, by nature near,
But far from Thee and righteousness !
As dead in trespasses to-day,
As I was yesterday, they rest ;
But Thou hast stirr'd me up to pray,
And wilt accept thine own request.

- 2 I ask for them the life of faith,
Who never sinn'd that deadly sin;
O could I snatch from second death,
Divinely wise their souls to win,
To time my every kind advice!
Or, if my words they will not hear,
To set my life before their eyes,
And in thy character appear!
- 3 Help me to put thy bowels on,
From proud contempt and anger free;
By meekest zeal to bear them down,
By faith and fervent charity:
To serve, and succour them, and tend,
For evil benefits return;
And bear their manners to the end,
As thou hast all my manners borne.
- 4 I now for their awakening stay,
And hoping against hope abide,
To see them cast their sins away,
And fall before the Crucified:
I trust thine instrument to prove,
For saving souls redeem'd by Thee:
But patience first and humble love
Must have its perfect work in me.

HYMN 133.

C. M.

For a Family in want.

- 1 FATHER, who knowst the things we need,
Before thy children cry,
Give us this day our daily bread,
As manna from the sky.
- 2 By Providential love bestow'd,
Thy blessings we receive;
And satisfied with scanty food,
Miraculously live.

- 3 We live, but not by bread alone,
Without distracting care,
A life invisible, unknown,
A life of faith and prayer.
- 4 We only on thy word depend,
Who nothing here possess ;
Reliev'd by the unfailing Friend
Of indigent distress.
- 5 The portion of the poor Thou art,
Who thy commands obey ;
And trust thou never wilt depart,
But keep us to that day.
- 6 When borne aloft on angels' wings,
As Lazarus we rest ;
Enthron'd with Jesu's priests and kings,
At heaven's eternal feast.

HYMN 134.

5s & 12s.

Before Work.

- 1 COME, let us anew
Our calling pursue ;
Go forth with the sun,
And rejoice as a giant our circuit to run :
Whom Jesus commands
To work with our hands,
Obeying his word,
We a service perform to our heavenly Lord.
- 2 While we labour for Him,
And each moment redeem,
His service we own
Our freedom indeed, and our heaven begun :
If he give us a smile,
We are paid for our toil ;
If our work he approve,
'Tis a work of the Lord, and a labour of love.

- 3 Our wages are sure,
Who his burden endure :
And we cannot complain
Of our daily delight, as a wearisome pain :
The labour is o'er,
And fatigues us no more,
When a moment is past ;
But the blessed effect shall eternally last.

HYMN 135.

8s & 6s.

The Master's Hymn.

- 1 JESUS, my Master in the sky,
Govern and guide me with thine eye,
And teach me to fulfil,
With strict fidelity, and just,
The charge committed to my trust,
And answer all thy will.
- 2 Not harsh, imperious, or austere,
But gentle to my servants here,
I would thy word obey ;
Render to each his lawful right,
And rule my house as in thy sight,
With mild paternal sway.
- 3 To persons Thou hast no respect :
And shall I scornfully reject
My meanest servant's plea ?
Is he not (by my Maker made,
And in the sacred balance weigh'd,)
As dear to God as me ?
- 4 Brethren in our Creator's eyes,
I dare not injure, or despise,
The workmanship of God;
Who me their earthly lord confess,
Heirs of my Saviour's righteousness,
And bought with all his blood.

- 5 Then let me tenderly entreat,
And give them what is right and meet,
As Thou to me hast given ;
But make their souls my chiefest care,
Their souls as in my bosom bear,
And train them up for heaven.
- 6 I would in Abraham's footsteps go,
Instruct my house their God to know
And walk in all thy ways ;
Till each the' allotted work hath done,
And wafted to the land unknown,
Appears before thy face.

HYMN 136.

L. M. D.

- 1 MASTER supreme, I look to Thee,
For grace and wisdom from above ;
Vested with thy authority,
Endue me with thy patient love :
That, taught according to thy will,
To rule my family aright,
I may the' appointed charge fulfil,
With all my heart and all my might.
- 2 Inferiors, as a sacred trust,
I from the sovereign Lord receive,
That what is suitable and just,
Impartial I to each may give :
O'erlook them with a guardian's eye ;
From vice and wickedness restrain ;
Mistakes or lesser faults pass by,
And govern with a looser rein.
- 3 The servant, faithful and discreet,
Gentle to him, and good, and mild,
Him I would tenderly entreat,
And scarce distinguish from a child.

- Yet let me not my place forsake ;
 The' occasion of his stumbling prove ;
 The servant to my bosom take,
 And mar him by familiar love.
- 4 Order if some invert, confound,
 Their Lord's authority betray ;
 I hearken to the gospel-sound,
 And trace the providential way :
 As far from abjectness as pride,
 With condescending dignity,
 Jesus, I make thy word my guide,
 And keep the post assign'd by Thee.
- 5 O could I emulate the zeal
 Thou dost to thy poor servants bear !
 The troubles, griefs, and burthens feel,
 Of souls entrusted to my care :
 In daily prayer to God commend
 The souls whom God expir'd to save ;
 And think, how soon my sway shall end,
 And all be equal in the grave !

HYMN 137.

8s & 6s.

- 1 How shall I walk my God to please,
 And spread content and happiness
 O'er all beneath my care ?
 A pattern to my household give,
 And as a guardian angel live,
 As Jesu's minister ?
- 2 The opposite extremes I see,—
 Remissness and severity,—
 And know not how to shun
 The precipice on either hand ;
 While in a narrow path I stand,
 And dread to venture on.

- 3 Shall I, through indolence supine,
Neglect, betray my charge divine,
My delegated power ?
The souls I from my Lord receive,
Of each I an account must give,
At that tremendous hour !
- 4 A lion in my house, shall I
My tame inferiors terrify,
By fierce tyrannic sway ;
Despotic as an Eastern prince,
By regal arguments convince,
Compel them to obey ?
- 5 Of angry man the' impatience proud,
Works not the righteousness of God,
Nor true respect begets :
Proud wrath can only wrath create,
And cringing fear, and smother'd hate,
In slaves and hypocrites.
- 6 Lord over all, and God most high,
Jesu, to Thee for help I cry,
For constancy of grace ;
That, taught by thy good Spirit and led,
I may with confidence proceed,
And all thy footsteps trace.
- 7 O teach me my first lesson now !
And when to thy sweet yoke I bow,
Thy easy service prove ;
Lowly and meek in heart, I see
The art of governing like Thee
Is governing by love.

HYMN 138.

8s & 6s.

- 1 I AND my house will serve the Lord :
But first obedient to his word
I must myself appear,

By actions, words, and tempers show,
That I my heavenly Master know,
And serve with heart sincere.

2 I must the fair example set ;
From those who on my pleasure wait,
The stumbling-block remove ;
Their duty by my life explain,
And still in all my works maintain
The dignity of love.

3 Easy to be entreated, mild,
Quickly appeas'd and reconcil'd,
A follower of my God,
A saint indeed, I long to be,
And lead my faithful family
In the celestial road.

4 Lord, if Thou didst the wish infuse,
A vessel fitted for thy use
Into thy hands receive !
Work in me both to will, and do ;
And show them how believers true
And real Christians live.

5 With all-sufficient grace supply ;
And lo, I come to testify
The wonders of thy Name,
Which saves from sin, the world, and hell ;
Whose virtue every heart may feel,
And every tongue proclaim.

6 A sinner, sav'd myself from sin,
I come my relatives to win,
To preach *their* sins forgiven ;
Children, and wife, and servants seize,
And through the ways of pleasantness,
Conduct them all to heaven.

HYMN 139.

L. M. D.

Hymn for the Head of an unconverted Family.

1 FATHER of earth and heaven,
Permit me to complain
Of those thy love to me hath given,
Who bear thy name in vain:
As yet I cannot see
The marks of grace Divine;
Or one of all my family,
Adopted into thine.

2 Strangers or foes to God,
Dead, dead in sin they live;
And thoughtless, with the worldly crowd,
Their hearts to pleasure give:
The paths of gospel-peace,
Alas, they have not known;
But hate the power of godliness,
And love themselves alone.

3 My life of faith and prayer,
As madness they condemn;
My ways so strict they cannot bear,
So contrary to them:
My counsels they despise,
When kindly I reprove;
And stop their ears, and shut their eyes,
And trample on my love.

4 Day after day I mourn,
And wait their change to see:
When wilt Thou touch their hearts, and bring
The wand'ers back to Thee?
Mercy on them be show'd,
In honour of thy Son:
Nor let them perish in their blood,
For whom He pour'd his own.

5 Father, for Jesu's sake,
 Thy quickening Spirit breathe ;
 And let their precious souls awake,
 Nor sleep in endless death :
 My household-foes convert,
 From Satan's power release ;
 And then permit me to depart,
 In everlasting peace.

HYMN 140.

S. M. D.

The Servant's Hymn.

1 JESUS, the Lord most high,
 Thy poorest servant own,
 And give me strength to glorify,
 And serve my God alone ;
 Inspir'd with humble fear,
 And principled with grace,
 My earthly master to revere,
 As standing in thy place.

2 Thine acceptable will,
 (If Thou the power impart,)
 In his I cheerfully fulfil,
 And with a single heart :
 Not with eye-service vain,
 A flatter'd worm to please ;
 But God, who knows what is in men,
 And all our motives sees.

3 Whate'er for man I do,
 I do as to the Lord ;
 From God, the merciful and true,
 Expecting my reward :
 And whether bond or free,
 I know Thou wilt approve,
 And crown our services to Thee,
 With thy eternal love.

HYMN 141.

S. M. D.

- 1 O THAT I always may
My honour'd master please,
And his paternal care repay
With faithful services!
My study and delight,
With warm, unwearied zeal,
To do, as in Jehovah's sight,
My honour'd master's will.
- 2 If those who know not God,
Their kind reprovers spurn,
Or stubborn, petulant; and loud,
The answer prompt return;
The chidings of my lord,
Let me with awe receive,
And wounded with a hasty word,
In modest silence grieve.
- 3 Harden'd in sordid sin,
The basest of the throng,
By pilfering and purloining mean,
If slaves their masters wrong;
My constant care shall be,
My faithfulness to' approve,
And guard his sacred property,
Whom I revere and love.
- 4 Jesus, with loving fear
My simple heart inspire;
So shall I serve thy servant here,
For conscience, not for hire:
In free subjection live,
In every thing obey;
And all my recompense receive
At that triumphant day!

HYMN 142.

8s. & 6s.

- 1 LORD, if Thou hast on me bestow'd
A master, not humane and good,
But froward and severe ;
Assist the servant of thy will,
With grace and wisdom to fulfil
The Christian character.
- 2 Trampled as dirt beneath his feet,
O may I quietly submit
To all his stern decrees ;
Insults and wrongs in silence bear,
And serve with conscientious care,
Whom I can never please.
- 3 Under the galling iron yoke,
To Thee my only Help I look,
To Thee in secret groan :
I cannot murmur or complain,
But meekly all my griefs sustain,
For thy dear sake alone.
- 4 The promise stands for ever sure ;
The griefs I for thy sake endure,
My crown and joy shall be :
But all my strength of patient grace,
And all my glorious happiness,
Is a free gift from Thee.

HYMN 143.

8s. & 6s.

- 1 WHY in the neighbourhood of hell,
Saviour, am I constrain'd to dwell,
Who would be wholly thine ;
Subjected to a furious lord,
Who heaven provokes at every word,
And dares the wrath divine !
- 2 A witness of his frantic ways,
His drunken riotous excess,
Am I a partner too ?

Jesus, mine eyes are unto Thee :
 Show in this sad perplexity,
 What should thy servant do ?

3 Must I the' infernal language hear,
 Tormenting to a sober ear,
 And not reprove his sin ?
 Words from his slaves he cannot brook ;
 But let him meet my mournful look,
 And stand condemn'd within.

4 Him let my blameless life reprove,
 My labour of unwearied love,
 My active zeal to please ;
 To serve his will by day and night,
 As one who in a world of light,
 An heavenly Master sees.

5 By duteous and respectful awe,
 O might I his attention draw,
 To principles unseen !
 A testimony from thy foe
 Extort, that those who Jesus know,
 Give all their due to men.

9 Then let his waken'd soul arise,
 Shake off the chains of vulgar vice,
 And every sin abhorr'd ;
 Till pardon makes him truly free,
 And turns his heart to serve, with me
 Our dear redeeming Lord.

HYMN 144.

8s & 6s.

1 SERVANT of Christ, on Him I call,
 The help and sure resource of all
 His followers in distress :
 Saviour, in my defence arise ;
 My soul as among lions lies,
 And no deliverance sees.

- 2 Departing from their sinful way,
I make myself the sinners' prey,
 Provoke the sons of night;
(While good for evil I return ;)
To hunt me down with cruel scorn,
 And rancorous despite.
- 3 Thy confessor I stand alone ;
My heavenly Lord and Master own,
 By them, alas, denied :
The alien host is always near,
Yet cannot I their outrage fear,
 With Jesus on my side.
- 4 I cannot haughtily contemn,
Or once prefer myself to them,
 Or bitterly reprove
The slaves of open wickedness ;
I differ through thy only grace,
 And freely pardoning love.
- 5 Thou know'st their unrelenting hate,
Who daily for my halting wait,
 And wish my fall to see :
Strike their insidious malice blind,
Or let them no occasion find,
 Except my zeal for Thee.
- 6 My zeal be warm, and wise, and meek :
Instruct me, Saviour, when to speak,
 And when in silence stay ;
That, ready to take up my cross,
I never may disgrace thy cause,
 I never may betray.
- 7 The Gospel-pearl, the truth divine,
I would not, Lord, expose to swine ;
 The mysteries of grace,

To men of life and lips impure ;
 Or tell *them* of my pardon sure,
 And perfect holiness.

8 No ; rather let my actions tell,
 That a poor soul, redeem'd from hell,
 Doth his Redeemer own ;
 Fears a forgiving God to' offend,
 Studies to please so dear a Friend,
 And lives for Him alone.

9 My life, a copy fair from thine,
 Must in the eyes of sinners shine,
 If Thou thine arrows dart ;
 Thine old rebellious foes subdue,
 Convert them into creatures new,
 And reign in every heart.

10 Jesus, I will not let Thee go,
 Till Thou to these thy mercy show ;
 And, made the sons of God,
 Their dear Redeemer they proclaim ;
 Obtain salvation in thy name,
 And pardon in thy blood.

HYMN 145.

L. M. D.

- 1 WITH a believing master bless'd,
 His equal in the Saviour's eyes,
 His brother in the Lord confess'd,
 Shall I neglect him, or despise ?
 Forget the difference of estate,
 And scorn at his commands to bow ;
 As high and low, as small and great,
 Were all upon a level now !
- 2 Rather I would, with warmer zeal,
 My just fidelity approve ;
 Gladly perform his utmost will,
 And love whom God is pleas'd to love :

Worthy of double honour deem,
The heir of joys that never end ;
And serve and cordially esteem,
Whom Jesus deigns to call his friend.

- 3 Giver of all good gifts, on me,
On all who bear the yoke bestow,
The wisdom, and humility,
Our station and ourselves to know,
Our masters to obey and prize ;
Lest, failing in allegiance here,
We force the world, with taunting cries,
To ask, "Is this your godly fear!"
- 4 If stubborn, insolent, and proud,
We tempt ev'n heathens to exclaim ;
And urge the sacrilegious crowd,
To vilify the Christian name :
"The faith which such as you profess,
Must error, or imposture be ;
A mere pretence for idleness,
Or cover for hypocrisy."
- 5 But if the Gospel we obey,
Our will to God and man resign,
All honour to our masters pay,
And worship, only not divine ;
His uncontested witnesses,
We praise the doctrine of our Lord,
Prove to their hearts the truth of grace,
And sinners save without the word.

HYMN 146.

C. M. D.

A Parent's Prayer.

- 1 O NEVER let my children live,
The devil's to become ;
Their God by wickedness to grieve,
Their substance to consume :

Far from thy family to rove,
 The tempter's easy prey;
 And forfeit thine eternal love,
 And cast their souls away.

2 Rather permit them to expire,
 In life's unclouded morn;
 And join them to the virgin-choir,
 The church of the first-born:
 Before thy statutes they forsake,
 Allow my just request;
 And, through the wounds of Jesus, take
 The infants to thy breast.

3 My fairest prospects I forego,
 So Thou with safety bless;
 And e'er they good or evil know,
 The innocents release:
 I ask as with my parting breath,—
 To each allotted be,
 An holy life, or early death:
 But which I leave to Thee.

HYMN 147.

Peculiar Metre.

To be sung at the Tea-Table.

• 1 How happy are we,
 Who in Jesus agree
 To expect his return from above!
 We sit under our vine,
 And delightfully join
 In the praise of his excellent love.

2 How pleasant and sweet,
 In his name when we meet,
 Is his fruit to our spiritual taste!
 We are banqueting here
 On angelical cheer,
 And the joys that eternally last.

3 Invited by Him,
 We drink of the stream
Ever-flowing in bliss from the throne:
 Who in Jesus believe,
 We the Spirit receive
That proceeds from the Father and Son.

4 The unspeakable grace
 He obtain'd for our race,
And the Spirit of faith He imparts:
 Then, then we conceive
 How in heaven they live,
By the kingdom of God in our hearts.

5 True believers have seen
 The Saviour of men,
As his head He on Calvary bow'd:
 We shall see Him again,
 When, with all his bright train,
He descends on the luminous cloud.

6 We remember the word
 Of our crucified Lord,
When he went to prepare us a place:
 " I will come in that day,
 " And transport you away,
" And admit to a sight of my face."

7 With earnest desire
 After Thee we aspire,
And long thy appearing to see;
 Till our souls Thou receive
 In thy presence to live,
And be perfectly happy in Thee.

8 Come, Lord, from the skies,
 And command us to rise,
Ready made for the mansions above;
 With our Head to ascend,
 And eternity spend,
In a rapture of heavenly love.

HYMN 148.

L. M.

Morning Hymn.

- 1 MY God, Thou art in Jesus mine,
And early will I seek thy face :
A slave redeem'd by blood Divine,
A sinner sav'd by pard'ning grace.
- 2 Preventing the first dawn of day,
I lift my joyful heart and eyes ;
And call'd by love my vows to pay,
Present my morning sacrifice.
- 3 Thanks be to God, enthron'd above,
Who did to man salvation bring ;
Thy riches of redeeming love,
Let angels and archangels sing.
- 4 Worthy the Lamb extoll'd to live,
Whose life to ransom ours was given :
Jesus, the homage due receive,
The utmost praise of earth and heaven.
- 5 God over all for ever bless'd,
Giver of every gift and grace,
Redemption shines above the rest,
And challenges my endless praise.
- 6 Fountain and root of all beside,
Redemption in the dust I own,
And suffering with the Crucified,
Arise the partner of thy throne.
- 7 Ev'n now I taste the raptures there,
Amidst the Church of the first-born ;
Redeem'd from earth, my Lord declare,
And shouting, to thine arms return.

- 8 I see those outstretch'd arms of love,
Those arms extended on the tree!
I see my place prepar'd above,
And bow my head, to reign with Thee!

HYMN 149.

C. M.

For One retired into the Country.

- 1 MERCIFUL God, what hast Thou done
For a poor sojourner?
How strangely drawn and led me on,
To seek salvation here!
Here, in the solitary shade,
I seek the things above;
In deep distress implore thine aid,
And languish for thy love.
- 2 Thou, only Thou, canst soothe my grief,
And calm my troubled breast;
Afford the permanent relief,
The true internal rest:
The' irreparable loss repair,
And draw the' invenom'd dart;
And shut the world of sin and care
Out of my peaceful heart.
- 3 Sorrow and sin are chas'd away,
Whene'er thy love appears;
The gloom it brightens into day,
And dries the mourner's tears:
It makes a wounded spirit whole,
Pours in the balm divine;
And whispers to mine inmost soul,
"The pard'ning God is thine!"
- 4 Come then, thou universal Good,
And bid my heart be still;
And let me meet Thee in the wood,
Or find Thee on the hill:

My soul to nobler prospects raise ;
 My largest views extend
 Beyond the bounds of time and space,
 Where pain and death shall end.

- 5 Lead to the streams of paradise,
 My raptur'd spirit lead ;
 And bid the tree of life arise,
 And flourish o'er my head :
 Place me by faith on Pisgah's top,
 The antepast to prove ;
 And then receive thy servant up,
 To see thy face above.

HYMN 150.

8s & 6s.

Another.

- 1 HENCE, lying world, with all thy care,
 With all thy shows of good and fair,
 Of beautiful or great !
 Stand with thy flighted charms aloof,
 Nor dare invade my peaceful roof,
 Or trouble my retreat.
- 2 Far from thy mad fantastic ways,
 I here have found a resting place,
 Of poor wayfaring men :
 Calm as the hermit in his grot,
 I here enjoy my happy lot,
 And solid pleasures gain.
- 3 Along the hill or dewy mead,
 In sweet forgetfulness I tread,
 Or wander through the grove ;
 As Adam in his native seat,
 In all his works my God I meet,
 The object of my love.

- 4 I see his beauty in the flower ;
To shade my walks, and deck my bower,
His love and wisdom join :
Him in the feather'd choir I hear,
And own, while all my soul is ear,
The music is divine !
- 5 In yon unbounded plain I see
A sketch of His immensity,
Who spans these ample skies ;
Whose presence makes the happy place,
And opens in the wilderness
A blooming paradise.
- 6 O would he now himself impart,
And fix the Eden in my heart,
The sense of sin forgiven :
How should I then throw off my load,
And walk delightfully with God,
And follow Christ to heaven !

HYMN 151.

L. M.

Written in Uncertainty.

- 1 To what am I reserv'd ! Great God,
The counsel of thy will display ;
Nor let me underneath the load
Of anxious doubt for ever stay.
- 2 Thou seest I cannot journey on,
Till thou the ling'ring cloud remove,
And make the destin'd action known,
And lead me by the fire of love.
- 3 My every choice, desire, design,
I now implicitly submit ;
My will is fix'd to follow thine,
And lies indifferent at thy feet.

- 4 Parties and sects I now forego,
 From all their schemes and systems free :
 After the flesh no more I know,
 Those dearest souls Thou gav'st to me.
- 5 Loos'd and detach'd, I cease from man ;
 Opinions, names, are clean forgot ;
 This all my aim, and all my plan,
 To do, and be—I know not what.
- 6 But wilt Thou not at last appear ;
 Make darkness light before my face ;
 And crooked strait, and doubtful clear ;
 And show, and shine on all my ways ?
- 7 Who on thine only truth depend,
 Who Thee mine only Master own ;
 To me Thou wilt thy Spirit send,
 And govern me thyself alone.
- 8 Thy wisdom and thy power shall join,
 To' effectuate what thy love decrees ;
 My work, and place, and friends assign,
 And crown the whole with full success.

HYMN 152.

8s & 6s.

- 1 MY God and Lord, thy counsel show,
 What would'st Thou have thy servant do,
 Before I hence depart ?
 How shall I serve thy church, and where ?
 The thing, the time, the means declare,
 And teach my list'ning heart.
- 2 Thrust out from them I serv'd so long,
 I dare not strive against the wrong,
 But silently resign
 The charge I never *could* forsake ;
 And give my dearest children back,
 Into the hands divine.

- 3 Where first I preach'd the word of grace,
If now I have no longer place,
 By my own flesh unknown ;
Thy secret hand in all I see,
Thy will be done, whate'er it be,
 Thy welcome will be done.
- 4 Free for whate'er thy love ordains,
I offer up my life's remains,
 To be for Thee employ'd :
My little strength can little do,
Yet would I, in thy service true,
 Devote it all to God.
- 5 Wilt thou not, Lord, my offer take ?
Canst thou in helpless age forsake,
 The creature of thy will ?
My strength is spent in the best cause ;
Thy zealous messenger I was ;
 I am thy servant still.
- 6 Master, be thou my might, my mouth,
And send me forth to north or south,
 To farthest east or west :
Be thou my Guide to worlds unknown ;
Rest to my flesh I covet none,
 But give my spirit rest.
- 7 My rest on earth to toil for Thee,
My whole delight and business be,
 To minister thy word ;
For thee immortal souls to win,
And make the wretched slaves of sin,
 The freemen of my Lord,
- 8 Witness and messenger of peace,
I only languish to decrease,
 In trumpeting thy name ;

I only live to preach thy death,
And publish with my latest breath,
The glories of the Lamb!

HYMN 153.

L. M.

- 1 O THOU, with whom unfelt, unseen,
Still in the desert I abide;
Look through the lowering cloud between,
And *show* thyself my heavenly Guide.
- 2 Out of the fire of chast'ning love,
Send forth one kind instructive ray,
And give the signal to remove,
And kindle darkness into day.
- 3 Till Thou thy secret will declare,
And shine in pure, unerring light,
I groan with all thy church to bear,
The burthen of incumbent night.
- 4 For Thee, not without hope, we mourn,
For Thee in calm dependence wait;
Assur'd thou wilt at last return,
And raise us to our first estate.
- 5 The dark apostasy shall end,
The Babel of religions cease;
The Church shall with her Head ascend,
And quit this howling wilderness:
- 6 Shall yet again thy tokens see,
Behold thy glorious presence shine;
And prove, from sin and doubt set free,
The good, the perfect will divine.
- 7 That God-revealing Spirit of grace,
Thou wilt in all his fulness give;
And never more conceal thy face,
And never more thy people leave.

- 8 But who the kingdom shall behold?
Who, when the Lord doth this, shall live?
I will come back, (my heart he told,)
"And thee unto myself receive."
- 9 So be it, O my God, my Lord,
In whom I steadfastly confide;
I trust the sure inspoken word,
And patient by thy cross abide.
- 10 For all who thine appearing love,
For me Thou hast prepar'd a place;
And I shall meet Thee from above,
And I shall see thy open face.
- 11 Whether thy will ordain my stay,
To see thy general kingdom come,
Or snatch me from the evil day,
And take my gasping spirit home:
- 12 Happy, if with my Best-Belov'd
I live to share the gospel-feast;
But happier still, if now remov'd,
I find my everlasting rest.
- 13 Wherefore with meekest awe to Thee,
My time, my life, my all I leave;
Eternal Wisdom, choose for me,
And when, and as Thou wilt, receive.
- 14 Or come in perfect light and love,
To me, to all thy people given;
Or come, thy servant to remove,
And take me to Thyself in heaven.

HYMN 154.

8 lines, 7s & 6s.

Hymns for Love.

- 1 O MIGHT the love of Jesus,
That heaven-descended Man,
Incomparably precious,
My ransom'd heart constrain,

From every earthly passion,
 From every sin to part;
 That God, and his salvation,
 May take up all my heart.

2 O wouldst Thou, Lord, discover,
 Thy blessed self to me;
 My soul's eternal Lover,
 As bleeding on the tree :
 For my offences bleeding,
 Crush'd with the general load ;
 Yet kindly interceding
 For those that shed his blood !

3 The realizing power
 Of faith divine I want,
 To see thee in that hour,
 And hear thy last complaint ;
 By hellish toils o'ertaken,
 To hear the' Immortal groan,
 "Why hath my God forsaken
 His dear, expiring Son?"

4 Let thy own bowels move Thee,
 The faith of God to' impart :
 I cannot, cannot love thee,
 Till thou constrain my heart ;
 To flesh the stony turning,
 Till Thou thy wounds display :
 And then in blissful mourning,
 I weep my life away !

HYMN 155.

Peculiar Metre.

1 JESUS, the fame Of thy great Name,
 My sin-sick soul allures :
 Still in every age the same,
 I hear, its virtue cures ;

- 2 With humble fear I now draw near,
In my forlorn condition,
Thy balsamic words to hear,
And prove thee my Physician.
- 3 In complicate Distress I wait,
My plague no more concealing :
Pity my forlorn estate,
And show thy power of healing.
- 4 The leprosy That cleaves to me,
Thine only touch can cure ;
Sin before thy touch shall flee,
And leave my conscience pure.
- 5 Throughout my veins A fever reigns,
Of pride and fierce desire :
Let thy love remove my pains,
And quench this hellish fire.
- 6 Of creature bliss My nature is
Rapacious above measure :
Heal this dropsical disease,
This thirst of praise and pleasure.
- 7 Benumb'd by sin I long have been,
As past all sense of feeling :
Cure the palsy, Lord, within,
Thy hidden life revealing.
- 8 An issue foul Hath fill'd my soul
With pain and desperation ;
But thy word shall make me whole,
With sensible salvation.
- 9 Now then exert thy gracious art,
To finish my distresses ;
O drive the legion from my heart
Of devils and diseases.

- 10 O that I might Receive my sight,
Through thine almighty power!
Turn my darkness into light,
And now my faith restore.
- 11 Helpless and lame In soul I am,
But let thy grace be given;
I through virtue of thy Name
Shall leap, and fly to heaven.
- 12 Speechless am I, Till thy kind sigh
From this dumb fiend deliver;
Then my Lord, my God, I cry,
And sing, and shout for ever!

HYMN 156.

7s & 6s.

- 1 WHAT shall I do to love Thee,
Who lov'st my soul so well?
Saviour, will nothing move Thee,
Thy goodness to reveal?
Without the revelation
So dearly purchas'd, I,
In final condemnation,
Must sink, despair, and die.
- 2 Wretched, and miserable,
Naked, and poor, and blind,
Thou know'st me quite unable
Thy precious love to find;
Unless my heavenly Lover,
The bleeding mystery
Thou in my heart discover,
And show Thyself to me.
- 3 The cause of my salvation,
Must all in Thee be found;
Stir up thy own compassion,
And let thy bowels sound.

- I faint, for mercy crying,
As with my latest groan ;
I in my blood am dying,
For whom thou pour'dst thine own.
- 4 O by thy bloody offering,
By all thy pangs, redeem
A sinful soul from suffering
That punishment extreme :
Unworthy of thy favour,
The vilest of thy race ;
Undone, undone for ever,
If banish'd from thy face.
- 5 From Thee I must be driven,
To that infernal grave ;
Unless thy love be given,
The sinner here to save :
Thy love alone can part me,
From every sin abhorr'd ;
Into a saint convert me,
A transcript of my Lord.
- 6 Thy love so strong and fervent,
To this poor soul is vain,
Unless Thou help thy servant,
To love my God again :
The' inestimable blessing,
For thy own sake bestow ;
While peace and joy unceasing,
My loving heart o'erflow.
- 7 The' affectionate sensation,
If Thou hast bought for me,
Of thy mysterious passion,
The end accomplish'd see :
Fulfil my sole desire,
Thy hidden love to taste ;
And then my soul require,
And let me breathe my last.

HYMN 157.

Peculiar Metre.

- 1 O GOD of love, Come from above,
O God that hear'st the prayer,
All this mountain load remove,
All this world of care.
- 2 The cause express Of my distress,
I own with grief and anguish :
Still for want of pard'ning grace,
For want of faith I languish.
- 3 Thou God unknown, For whom I groan
In endless lamentation ;
Wilt thou suffer me to moan,
And die without salvation ?
- 4 O when shall I With rapture cry,
Thy servant hath found favour ;
Thee, my Lord, I magnify,
I joy in Thee my Saviour.
- 5 For this I pant, Athirst and faint,
And cry in pain unceasing ;
Give the only good I want,
Give the gospel blessing.
- 6 Now let me know The grace below,
To all believers given ;
Bid me feel thy love, and go
In perfect peace to heaven.

HYMN 158.

C. M. D.

- 1 DELIGHT, and softest sympathy,
My faithful heart divide,
When I behold the shameful tree,
Where my Beloved died !

- I look on Him whose blood redeems,
And bears me up to God;
I look,—and while the fountain streams,
My tears increase the flood.
- 2 I want to pour a sea of tears,
With blessed grief to mourn,
In view of Him, whose form appears
By my offences torn:
My sins have done the' atrocious deed,
Have caus'd the killing smart,
And pierc'd his soul, and made him bleed
The balm that breaks my heart.
- 3 His precious blood both wounds and heals,
(When faith the balm applies,)
My peace restores, my pardon seals,
My nature sanctifies:
His precious blood the life inspires,
Which angels live above,
And fills my infinite desires,
And turns me all to love.

HYMN 159.

C. M. D.

- 1 ALLOW'D to kiss my Saviour's feet,
And here rejoice and grieve,
I never can the sins forget,
Which Jesus doth forgive:
Sorrow and joy unspeakable,
Alternately I prove;
And now my baseness I bewail,
And now admire his love.
- 2 O might I thus through life remain
Delightfully distress'd,
And still indulge the pleasing pain
Which tears my happy breast:
Till He, my heart's desire, appears,
Reveal'd in heavenly light;
And wipes away these blessed tears,
By that extatic sight!

HYMN 160.

C. M. D.

- 1 O THAT I could my Lord receive,
Who did the world redeem !
Who gave his life that I might live
A life conceal'd in Him.
O that I could the blessing prove,
My heart's extreme desire ;
Live happy in my Saviour's love,
And in his arms expire !
- 2 Jesus, Thou all-atoning Lamb,
How shall I plead with Thee ?
If graven on thy hands I am,
For good remember me :
If still Thou dost my tokens bear,
Thy love to me reveal,
And, list'ning to a sinner's prayer,
My present pardon seal.
- 3 Mercy I ask, to seal my peace,
That, kept by mercy's power,
I may from every evil cease,
And never grieve Thee more.
Now, if thy gracious will it be,
Ev'n now my sins remove ;
And set my heart at liberty,
By thy victorious love.
- 4 In answer to ten thousand prayers,
Thou pard'ning God descend !
Number me with salvation's heirs,
My sins and troubles end !
Nothing I ask, or want beside,
Of all in earth and heaven,
Let me but feel thy blood applied,
Let me but die forgiven.

HYMN 161.

C. M.

- 1 ASK, If a mother's heart is kind
To her own sucking child ;
Then ask, Is God to love inclin'd,
Or my Redeemer mild ?

- 2 A mother may perhaps neglect,
And her own son forget;
But Jesus never will reject
A sinner at his feet.
- 3 Ask, If the sun doth once mistake
His true celestial road;
Then ask, If Jesus can forsake
The purchase of his blood?
- 4 The sun at last shall lose his way,
And into darkness fall;
But Jesus, at that endless day,
Shall be our all in all.

HYMN 162.

C. M.

- 1 WITH glorious clouds encompass'd round,
Whom angels dimly see,
Will the Unsearchable be found,
Or God appear to me?
- 2 Will He forsake his throne above,
Himself to worms impart?
Answer thou Man of grief and love,
And speak into my heart!
- 3 In manifested love explain
Thy wonderful design:
What meant the suffering Son of Man,
The streaming blood divine?
- 4 Didst Thou not in our flesh appear,
And live and die below,
That I may now perceive Thee near,
And my Redeemer know?
- 5 Come, then, and to my soul reveal
The heights and depths of grace;
Those wounds which all my sorrows heal,
That dear disfigur'd face.
- 6 Before my eyes of faith confess'd,
Stand forth a slaughter'd Lamb;
And wrap me in thy crimson vest,
And tell me all thy name.

- 7 Jehovah, in thy person show,
Jehovah crucified ;
And then the pard'ning God I know,
And feel the blood applied :
8 I view the Lamb in his own light,
Whom angels dimly see ;
And gaze, transported at the sight,
Through all eternity.

HYMN 163.

C. M.

- 1 FAIN would I, Lord, obtain the grace,
Before I hence remove,
To see a few unruffled days,
And my Redeemer love.
2 O might I, with thy people bless'd,
Thy great salvation see ;
Anticipate the glorious rest,
And find it now in Thee.
3 Give me the hidden bliss to feel,
The heavenly powers to taste,
Realities invisible,
And joys that ever last.
4 Eternal life begun below,
I in thy favour prove ;
And all thy gifts Thou dost bestow,
By giving me thy love.

HYMN 164.

8 lines, 7s.

A Wedding Song.

- 1 COME, thou everlasting Lord,
By our trembling hearts ador'd ;
Come, thou heaven-descended Guest,
Bidden to our marriage feast :
Jesus, in the midst appear,
Present with thy followers here ;
Grant us the peculiar grace,
Show us all thy smiling face.

- 2 Now the veil of sin withdraw,
 Fill our souls with sacred awe ;
 Awe that dares not speak or move,
 Deepest awe of humble love :
 Love that doth his Lord descry,
 Ever intimately nigh ;
 Sees the' Invisible in 'Thee,
 Fulness of the Deity.
- 3 Let on us thy Spirit rest,
 Enter each devoted breast ;
 Still with thy disciples sit,
 Still thy works of grace repeat :
 Now the former wonder show,
 Manifest thy power below ;
 Earthly souls exalt, refine,
 Turn the water into wine.
- 4 Stop the hurrying spirit's haste,
 Change the soul's ignoble taste ;
 Nature into grace improve,
 Earthly into heavenly love :
 Raise our hearts to things on high,
 To our Bridegroom in the sky ;
 Heaven our hope, and highest aim,
 Mystic marriage of the Lamb.
- 5 O might each obtain a share,
 Of the pure enjoyments there ;
 Now in rapturous surprise,
 Drink the wine of paradise ;
 Cry, amidst the rich repast,
 Thou hast giv'n the best at last ;
 Wine that cheers the host above,
 The best wine of perfect love.

HYMN 165.

L. M.

Another.

- 1 SING to the Lord of earth and sky,
 Who first ordain'd the nuptial tie ;
 In Eden yok'd the new-made pair,
 And bless'd them to each other there.

H 3

- 2 Extol the great Jehovah's name,
Whose love, from age to age the same,
Delights his creature's bliss to see,
And joys in our prosperity.
- 3 God of the patriarchal race,
He still directs us by his grace;
Who Isaac and Rebecca join'd,
He gives us each our mate to find.
- 4 He magnified the social state,
And stamp'd our joy divinely great,
When God appear'd his creature's Guest,
And Jesus grac'd a wedding-feast.
- 5 That everlasting joy of his,
Is shadow'd by the nuptial bliss:
Heaven is the marriage of the Lamb,
And God assumes a Bridegroom's name.
- 6 Then let us glory in his grace,
And triumph in the Father's praise,
Who made a marriage for his Son,
And sent him from his bosom down.
- 7 Thanks to our heavenly Adam give,
Who form'd his Church the second Eve;
Produc'd her from his wounded side,
And still rejoices o'er his bride.
- 8 Praise to the blessed Spirit above,
Who fills our hearts with sacred love;
Our faithful hearts to Jesus plights,
And each to each in God unites.
Praise God from whom, &c.

HYMN 166.

4-6s & 2-9s.

On the Birth-day of a Friend.

- 1 COME away to the skies,
My beloved arise,
And rejoice on the day thou wast born;
On the festival day,
Come exulting away,
To thy heavenly country return.

- 2 We have laid up our love
And treasure above,
Though our bodies continue below :
The redeem'd of the Lord,
We remember his word,
And with singing to Sion we go.
- 3 With singing we praise
The original grace,
By our heavenly Father bestow'd ;
Our being receive
From his bounty, and live
To the honour and glory of God.
- 4 For thy glory we are
Created to share
Both the nature and kingdom divine ;
Created again,
That our souls may remain
In time and eternity thine.
- 5 With thanks we approve
The design of thy love,
Which hath join'd us in Jesus's name ;
So united in heart,
That we never can part,
Till we meet at the feast of the Lamb.
- 6 There, there, at his feet
We shall suddenly meet,
And be parted in body no more !
We shall sing to our lyres
With the heavenly choirs,
And our Saviour in glory adore.
- 7 Hallelujah we sing,
To our Father and King,
And his rapturous praises repeat :
To the Lamb that was slain,
Hallelujah again,
Sing all heaven, and fall at his feet !

8 In assurance of hope,
We to Jesus look up,
Till his banner unfurl'd in the air,
From our grave we do see,
And cry out, IT IS HE!
And fly up to acknowledge him there.

HYMN 167.

Gloria Patri, &c.

GLORY to the Paternal God,
To Jesus, lavish of his blood,
God over all, supreme in power and grace,
And God the Holy Ghost, with equal ardours praise.

Sing all on earth like those on high,
Let saints and angels magnify
One undivided God, in persons three,
And lengthen out the song to all eternity !

Another.

THANKFUL, the Father's grace we own ;
Jehovah's Fellow, and his Son,
With God the holy Ghost adore ;
One glorious God, in persons three,
All honour we ascribe to Thee,
As always was, and is, and shall be evermore !

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